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THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER AND ILLUSTRATED TIMES

August 10, 1907.

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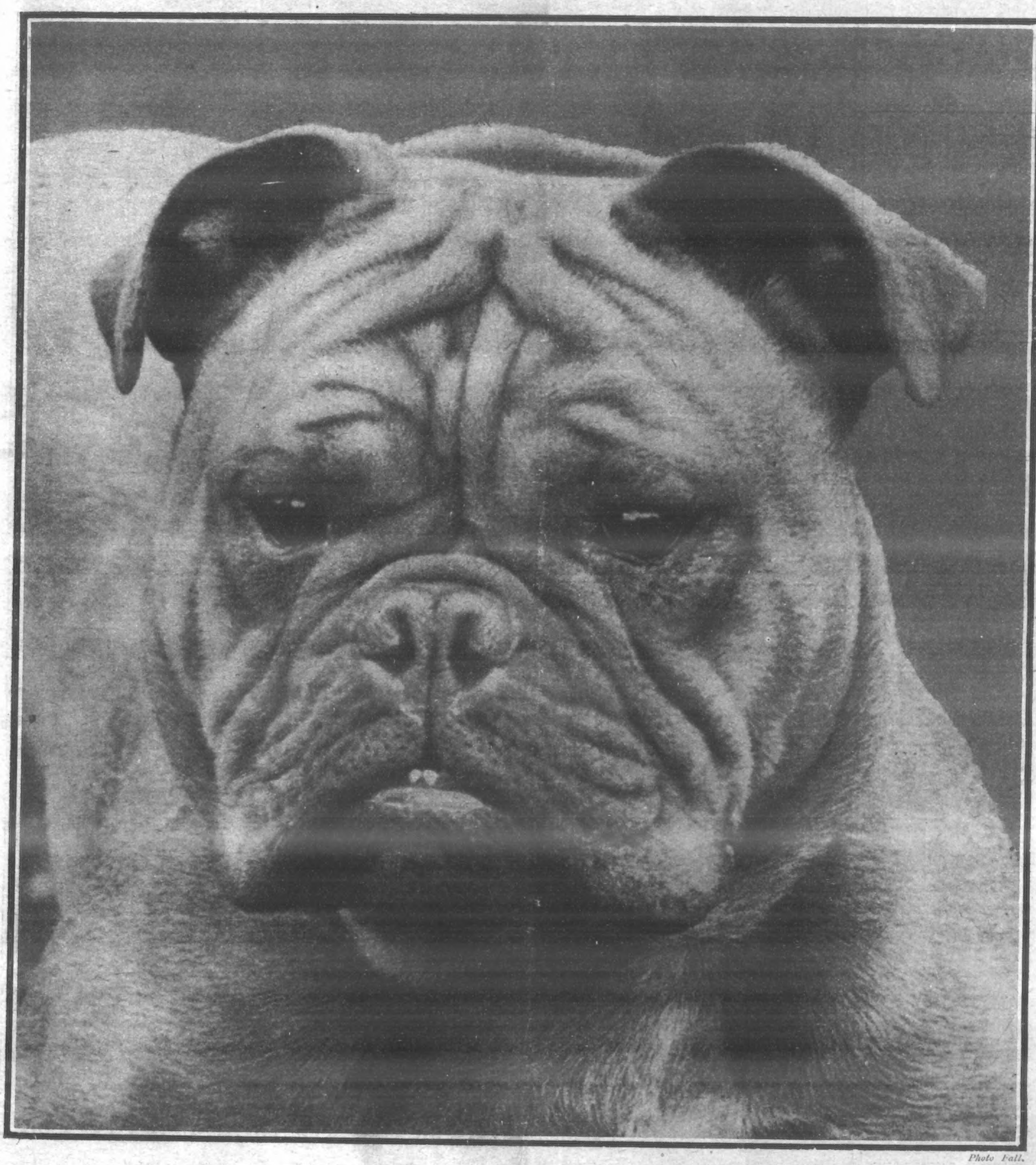

Photo Fall.

THERE'S LIFE IN THE OLD DOG YET.

Despite the critics of "our slack youth" who say that British sport is dead, we defeated the South Africans in the second Test Match after a well-fought game. Britishers may not hustle in sport or in work, but with their characteristic bulldog tenacity they "get there all the same."

WHEN
Your Stomach
TROUBLES YOU
and you are afraid to eat because of the suffering you know must follow; when you are plagued with wind, headache, pains in the stomach or back, Biliousness or Constipation.
TAKE **MOTHER**
SEIGEL'S
SYRUP
The 2/6 bottle contains three times as much as the 1/1½ size.

CHILDREN TEETHING
TO MOTHERS.
MRS. WINSLOW'S
Soothing Syrup
FOR CHILDREN TEETHING
Has been used over 55 years by millions of mothers for their children while teething with perfect success. It SOOTHES the child, softens the gums, allays all PAIN, cures WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHŒA.
Sold by all Chemists at 1/1½ per bottle.

CHILDREN SLEEP WELL
when they are healthy and their food is doing its proper work.
THE BEST FOOD IS
NEAVE'S FOOD
which for more than 80 years has helped to preserve and build up the young life of the Country. When prepared according to the directions given, it is *A Complete Diet for the Infant*, as also for *the Aged and the Infirm*. Easily digested and assimilated by the most delicate Infant.
In 1/- & 2/6 Tins; also 4d. Packets.
Write for "Hints About Baby," by a Trained Nurse. Postcard to JOSIAH R. NEAVE & CO. Fordingbridge, via Salisbury.

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is made to your own measure — we keep NO stock.
Hand-sewn Welted on Customer's own Lasts, where available, 13/6
Send for Catalogue.
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BESPOKE BOOT FACTORY
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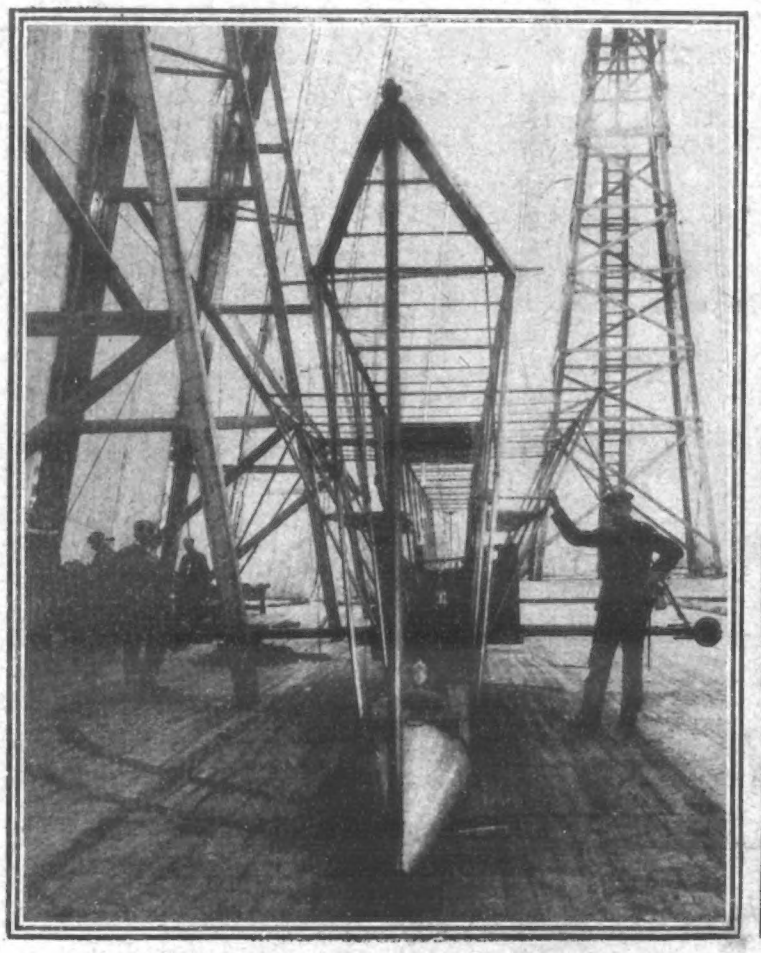
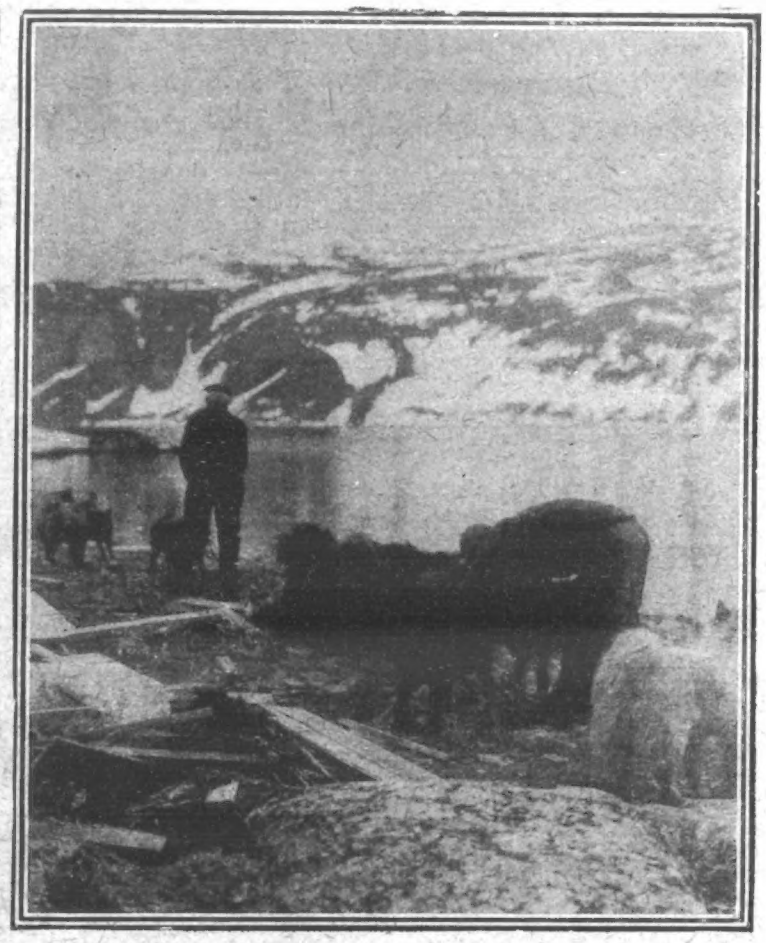
BY AIR-SHIP TO THE NORTH POLE.

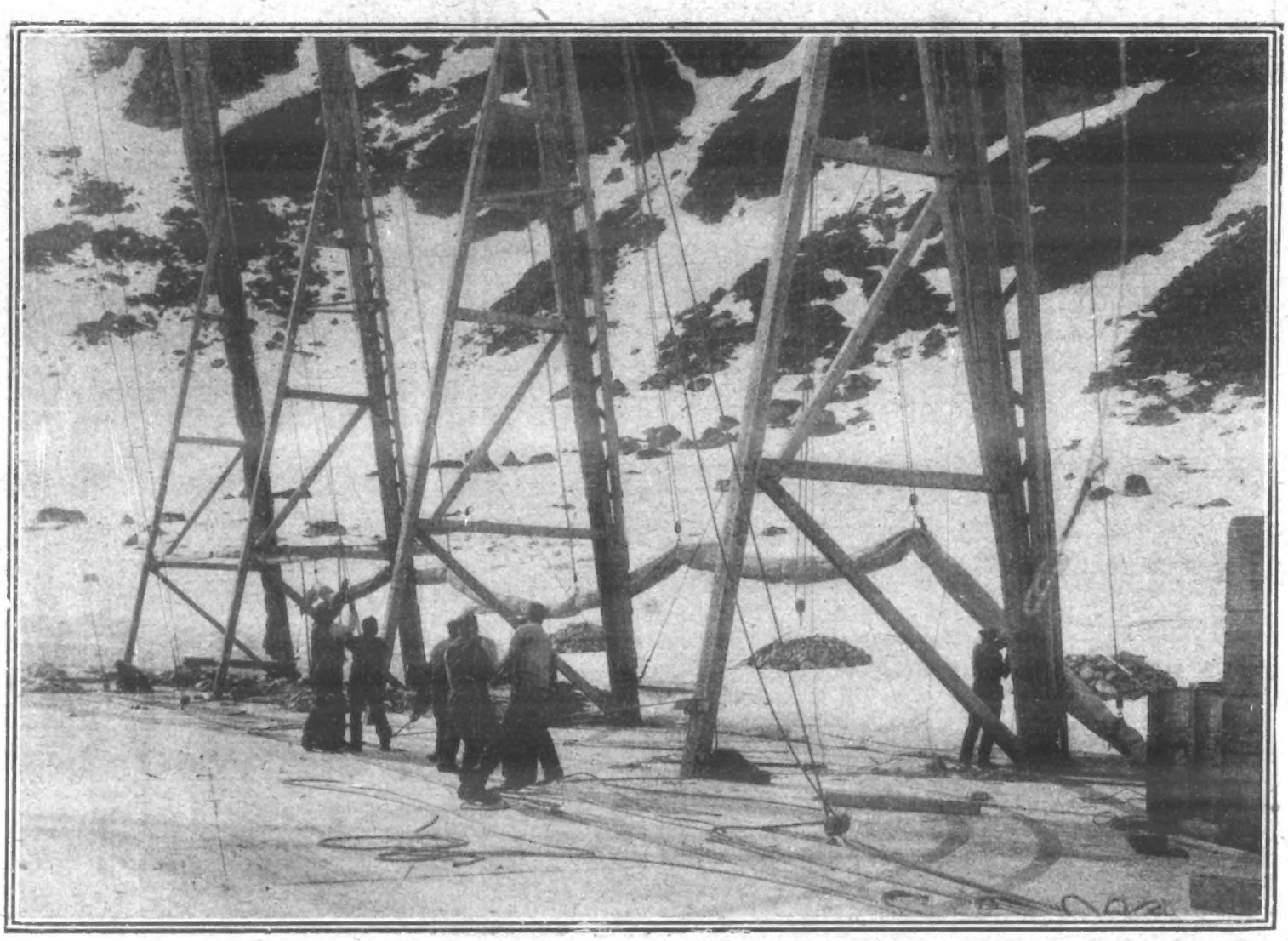
AN EXPLORER'S DARING SCHEME.

MAJOR HERSEY.

MR. WALTER WELLMAN.


THE CAR OF THE AIR-SHIP IN THE ÆRO HOUSE


SLEDGE-DOGS WHICH WILL ACCOMPANY THE EXPEDITION.



This week Mr. Walter Wellman is expected to leave Spitzbergen with Major Hersey and other members of the expedition, in his attempt to reach the North Pole by means of an air-ship. The famous American explorer is most sanguine, and anticipates that the air-ship journey to the Pole will take about a fortnight. The above photograph, taken specially at Spitzbergen, shows the gigantic work of erecting a suitable covering for the air-ship in the regions of ice and snow.

CHAPTER IV.—*(Continued.)*

"MR. —— presents his compliments to Miss Phyllis Dare, and wishes to make to her parents the following proposal, which could be carried out through a firm of solicitors.

"For the present Mr. —— must remain anonymous; until, indeed, the offer is either accepted or refused. He desires to adopt Miss Phyllis Dare, and to bring her up as if she were his own child. He is a widower, and having no children of his own, it has been his life-long ambition to have the care of a child whom he could bring up as if she were his own.

"Mr. —— has no heir, and therefore, on his death, Miss Phyllis Dare would succeed to his property, which includes a town house in —— Square, and a large country residence in Somersetshire. Mr. ——'s income exceeds £15,000 a year, proof of which will be given by his solicitors. This offer is a perfectly genuine one, and is only made because Mr. —— is so impressed by Miss Phyllis Dare's great cleverness and striking beauty. At present, of course, her character has yet to be formed, but Mr. —— assures her parents that she will have, under his care, the best education that money can buy.

"The reply to this letter must be sent to Mr. ——'s solicitors, Messrs ——, Lincoln's Inn, W.C."

The above is one of the many peculiar letters I have received during my career. I was not adopted.

"Dear Miss Dare," ran a letter I received when playing in "The Catch of the Season." "Every night for the past three weeks I have taken the same seat in the front row of the stalls at the Vaudeville Theatre, in the vain endeavour that you might notice me and give me some sign that you were pleased to see me.

"Your coolness towards me, however, drives me to desperation, and unless I hear from you within the next twenty-four hours, I shall do something desperate. My intentions towards you are perfectly honourable, and I say here—and you can sue me for breach of promise, if you like—that I would marry you to-morrow, if you would only have me. Were such a happy consummation to come to pass, I would only make one stipulation—that we spend our honeymoon in a balloon. Silence on your part will prove to me conclusively that my suit is a hopeless one, and if I do not receive a reply to this letter at once, you will neither see nor hear from me again.

"What my fate will be is my secret: but I may say that in any case I shall at once go big-game hunting. Again let me say I love you—nay, worship you to distraction.—Yours for ever, ——"

Sometimes, however, the letters I receive make me quite sad, and the following was so pathetic that a great lump rose in my throat as I read it:

"Dere miss—every nite I sees you go to the stage dore of the theater, and O'i do look forward orl day to the evenin' becos then i know that i shall see you.

"I'm very much afeared you will never care to stop and speke to me, for i'm only jest a littel flower boy, and my close is ragged an' my boots is torn an' my toes shows through the leather, so i'm not fit to speke to any lady like yerself. I haven't told no one that i'm ritin' to you becos I know that a durty littel flower boy ain't got no call to rite to a bewtiful littel lady like you is, plese miss. But you do look so kind and good, an' one wet evenin', tho' i don't suppose you remembers it, you gave me a penny as you past. O miss, i do so wish i could grow up a gentelman like them tofts as gets out of their motor carts and karriages drest in fur coats every nite. If only i was like them, miss, i wouldn't 'esitate one second, but would jest arsk yer strait out to share my 'ome wif me. But it's no good, i ain't your class, but, miss, i'd like yer to know that if ever you 'ave need of a friend you can relie on your faithful servent, even tho' 'e is drest in raggs an' genrally sleeps on a bed of straw

"Wiv my best respecks, miss, an' 'opin' you won't be ofended like at my rudeness in ritin' you as I don't know, an' 'opin' you'll allus 'ave good 'ealth as I 'opes to enjoy, Yours very respeckful——"

Yes, all of a sudden I seemed to have been considered to have grown quite an important person by a large number of theatre-goers, for, in addition to letters, affectionate and otherwise, ask me up to tea one afternoon, that is, if you are not allowed to come out to tea with me. My love to you, little Phyllis, yours affectionately, ——."

During the short holidays between stage and school Miss Phyllis Dare was an enthusiastic amateur gardener.

CHAPTER V.

MY LIFE AT SCHOOL—IMPRESSIONS OF A SCHOOLGIRL ACTRESS — THE GREATEST SURPRISE OF MY THEATRICAL CAREER.

I should very much have liked to have played in "The Catch of the Season" when I was playing Angela at the Vaudeville, I used to receive communications asking my advice from perfect strangers on all sorts of curious subjects. How strange it is that people should be addicted to this sort of thing—but there it is! And until the end of all time I suppose people who are, more or less, well known on the stage, will be "bombarded" in this sort of way; but why a girl of fifteen's advice on "Should I give up smoking cigarettes?" signed "Anxious Admirer," or "Do you think blue taffeta would make me a pretty bathing-dress?" from "Troubled Tessie," should be sought, I cannot for the life of me understand.

I must confess, however, that when I read the following, just before I was going on the stage one evening, I felt so sad that I could scarcely get through my part—

"Sweet Little Phyllis Dare—I'm going to ask you a great favour: to get your father and mother to allow me to take you out to tea one afternoon. A long time ago I once had a little daughter, but she was taken away from me when my wife ran away, and last night, when I saw you come on the stage, at first I thought you were that little daughter of mine, for the likeness was so extraordinary.

"I am an old man now, with white hair and spectacles, but I can remember my little seven-year-old daughter just as if she was only taken away from me yesterday. Every night before she went to bed she was taken to me in my study, and as I kissed her I used to say 'Good-night, little sweetheart.' It is all so sad, so very sad, that my pen shakes as I write, but I should like to let you know, and your parents know too, that, in future, I shall always think of you as 'my little sweetheart.'

"Perhaps one day your parents will until that most successful musical comedy came to an end at the Vaudeville, but, unfortunately, some months beforehand I had arranged to appear at Christmas at Newcastle in "Cinderella"—I was Cinderella—so that early in December I gave up my part.

In the story of my life I have referred so often to pantomimes and various happenings in Christmas productions that I do not think I need refer to this particular production except to say that it made "a big hit." Immediately, however, it terminated its run I was packed off to school in Brussels to finish my education, and really the sudden change from the glamour of the stage to the quiet life of a schoolgirl was one of the most curious sensations I have ever experienced. Moreover, probably in the whole history of the stage no leading lady has ever before suddenly found herself transformed from that proud position into a "mere nobody." Still, one gets accustomed to everything, and when I had been in Brussels for a fortnight I almost began to believe that I had never been on the stage at all—in fact, that the days of "The Catch of the Season" had never actually existed, but were just happenings from a long dream.

But at first everything seemed so strange. Instead of going to bed late and, I fear, getting up rather late, too, in Brussels I almost rivalled the milkman for early rising. And as for going "to roost" at night—well, I was generally fast asleep when people in London were thinking of looking in at the theatre for an hour or so.

Every day I was called by one of the mistresses punctually at seven, and unless I was down half-an-hour later to breakfast—a cup of weak coffee and a roll—I knew full well that I should suffer all sorts of terrible punishments, such as detention and other dread penalties which the fertile brain of a schoolmistress evolves so skilfully. After breakfast I had to go upstairs again and make my own bed just as if I was an ordinary domestic servant, while, at eight o'clock to the tick, the day's regular lessons began, and for two hours I pored laboriously over irregular French verbs, which, I fear, I made more irregular than ever, decimal fractions, and hosts of other things, which, truth to tell, I did not find half as interesting as—well, the dullest play imaginable.

Then came a second breakfast—this time of tartine, which, of course, you know, means bread-and-butter, and very stodgy bread-and-butter, too, every bit as thick, in fact, as the Duke of St. Jermyns had a few weeks before helped me to eat in "The Catch of the Season." After tartine, more lessons till mid-day, when, for half-an-hour, we were allowed to do just as we liked, until the gong sounded for luncheon, which was really quite a red-letter incident in the day's routine, especially when mysterious rumours of chicken and roast beef turned out to be realities, though withal sometimes rather too "solid" realities.

Isn't it strange how quickly one gets accustomed to almost everything in this life! A few weeks before, I don't think I should have been stirred to any wild enthusiasm by such ordinary fare; but it is surprising what a change can come over one in a short time, and at Brussels "chicken and roast beef days" seemed to assume an air of vast importance. Wonderful, isn't it?

Again, when I was on the stage, before I left for Brussels I should have "jibbed" horribly if I had been told to mend tablecloths or darn stockings in my spare time, but after a few weeks' tuition in the mysteries of needles and cotton I found I could do all sorts and kinds of really elaborate fancy-work, while one day I actually made myself a blouse. Now, I will not go quite so far as to say that I should like to wear a blouse of my own manufacture at the Savoy or the Carlton, for, as with most amateur efforts, I have a shrewd idea that such a masterpiece would only fit where it touched—and probably it wouldn't touch very often. But at school the blouse I made was greatly admired, though whether this admiration was to some extent inspired by my happening at the time to inform the other schoolgirls that I had just received a postal order for ten shillings from home, I should not like to say.

I hope I am not boring you by my description of my life at school, but I have so often been asked about it that I think, perhaps, this description of a schoolgirl actresses's life may interest quite a lot of people. By-the-way, I consider quite the worst part of a schoolgirl's day is preparation time. On the stage I always disliked rehearsals, but preparations which, as a matter of fact, is nothing more than rehearsal of the next day's work, I found quite altogether worse. But, oh! before preparation time, I have forgotten to mention that in Brussels we used to have afternoon tea—not a London thin bread-and-butter tea, but a great "wodgy," six-sliced repast, with such weak tea that sometimes I fancied the cook must have run out of that beverage, and to get over the difficulty had used tea-leaves of considerable antiquity instead,

In London a lot of my spare time had been taken up in answering letters; and as for signing picture postcards—well, in the old days I seemed to be always doing it. But in Brussels I was only allowed to write letters on Sundays, while, better still, it was strictly against the rules for me to receive or sign picture postcards, except on one particular afternoon, when I signed over three hundred, because I heard that people were getting quite indignant at not getting their postcards back.

Every Sunday morning I used to attend service at the English church, while, in the afternoon, I generally went to a sacred concert in the Bois. And, oh! I had almost forgotten to mention that once or twice in the term we were allowed special treats, and one evening I was actually taken to the opera, so that altogether the time was not quite so dull as it might have been.

(To be continued.)

Photos. by Foulsham and Banfield.

After a trying rehearsal all day a game at billiards is most enjoyable. Our photograph shows Miss Phyllis with her sister Zena indulging in this scientific pastime.

THOUSANDS OF WASPS KILLED BY KEATING'S POWDER. Simply sprinkle "Keating's" on the ledges of your windows, and you will easily get rid of these pests. Unrivalled killer of Flies, Ants, and Mosquitos. Sold everywhere, in Tins, 3d., 6d. and 1s., or post free for stamps from Thomas Keating, Chemist, London.—ADVT.

Photo. Russell.

Admiral Sir Day H. Bosanquet, who was decorated by the King after the Naval Review.

BRIDE BURNED TO DEATH.

A HOLIDAY TRAGEDY.

A YOUNG carman named Albert Jordan was married at St. Gabriel's Church, Pimlico, on Sunday morning last. He had taken apartments for his bride in Effingham Street, Lupus Street.

After the ceremony the young couple, accompanied by the bridegroom's brother and the bride's married sister and brother-in-law, returned to the house, where the bride was left to prepare the wedding feast while the bridegroom and his friends went for a short row on the river.

Mrs. Jordan was preparing some custard by the fire when a spirit-lamp, which was in the fender, blazed up in the draught caused by an open window, and set fire to the light dress which she was wearing.

The bride's sister, Mrs. Elizabeth Duke, who was resting at the time, was awakened by the screams of Mrs. Jordan, and made frantic attempts to put out the flames. Her own arms and hands were badly burned in the endeavour, and she rushed out on the landing.

A lodger came to Mrs. Duke's rescue and covered her with a quilt. By this time the alarm had been raised, and a number of people rushed into the house, to be soon followed by firemen and policemen.

The most tragic part of the affair was the fact that the unhappy bride was being burned to death while those who came to the rescue thought that her sister only was in danger. Apparently, no one realised for a moment that anyone was in danger except Mrs. Duke, who was terribly injured.

Mrs. Jordan lingered on at St. George's Hospital until five o'clock on Sunday afternoon. Almost the last words she spoke to her distraught husband as he stood by her bedside were: "It wasn't anybody's fault. It was the spirit-lamp." She was conscious almost to the last.

PHOTOGRAPHED FOUR THOUSAND TIMES.

WHO is the most photographed person? His followers claim this distinction for General Booth.

Since the General started on his motor tour through England and Wales three weeks ago he has been photographed more than 4000 times, says the *Evening News*. According to a count made by an official accompanying him, the daily average of snapshot portraits exceeds 200.

"If all the photographs ever taken of General Booth were brought together," said an official, "there would probably be a million different pictures in it."

So great became the number of photographers at Carnarvon, where the General was speaking at an open-air meeting on Monday, that they had to be repulsed. "Get down; get away," said the General to a photographer who had almost climbed into the motor-car. Another photographer had climbed a ladder in the midst of the crowd.

GEESE OVERTURN A MOTOR-CAR.

TWO more fatal motor-car accidents occurred on Sunday at Moulon and Evreux.

M. Colin was motoring at Moulon (says an *Express* correspondent) when he swerved sharply to avoid an old woman named Pilet, who was driving a flock of geese. The car turned a complete somersault, falling into a ditch and crushing the life out of M. Colin. His wife has lost her reason, and has tried to commit suicide three times since the accident. The woman Pilet had her legs broken, and is not expected to live.

The driver of a car travelling at great speed near Evreux misjudged a curve in the road, and the car struck a tree and was wrecked. One motorist was killed and others badly injured.

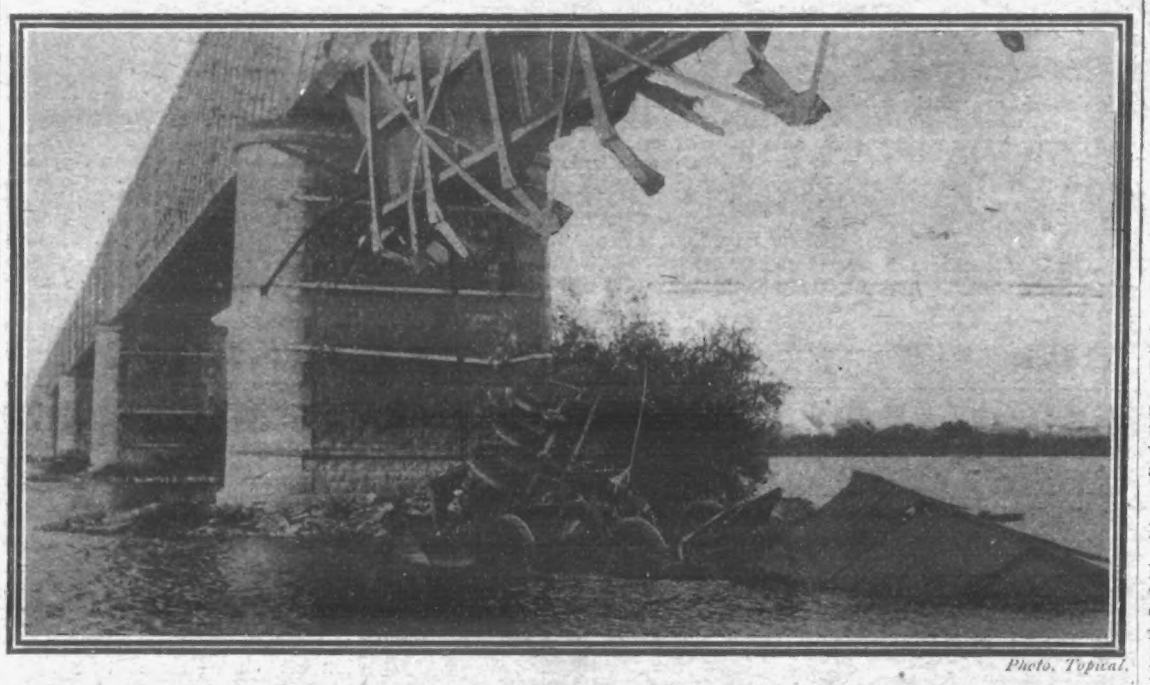


Photo. Topical.

TRAIN PLUNGES INTO A RIVER

A terrible disaster occurred in France on Sunday. The front part of an excursion train on its way from Angiers to Poitiers dashed over the parapet of a bridge into the River Loire. Thirty people are believed to have perished. When on the iron bridge just outside the Ponts de Cé, the tender and the first of the carriages, containing six third-class compartments, crashed into the parapet of the bridge and plunged into the river. There was a wild panic. The trippers fought with one another in their anxiety to escape from the train, and many were badly hurt in the rush to get out of the carriages. The bodies that were taken from the water were terribly mutilated. The scenes on the river banks were heartrending.

Photo. Russell.

Admiral F. C. Bridgeman, C.V.O., knighted by the King after the Naval Review.

ISLE OF WIGHT PAGEANT.

PRINCESS HENRY OF BATTENBERG took a large party over to Carisbrooke Castle on Monday evening for a performance of the Isle of Wight pageant. She was accompanied by her sons, Sub-Lieutenant Prince Alexander, Prince Leopold, and Prince Maurice of Battenberg, Prince Edward of Wales, the Duke of Connaught, Prince Arthur of Connaught, Prince Christian, and Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein.

They were received by the Deputy-Governor of the island (Mr. T. B. Cochrane) and Lady Adela Cochrane.

The performance was the first held after nightfall, and therefore had the additional charm of illumination. Mr. and Lady Adela Cochrane entertained the royal visitors to supper after the performance.

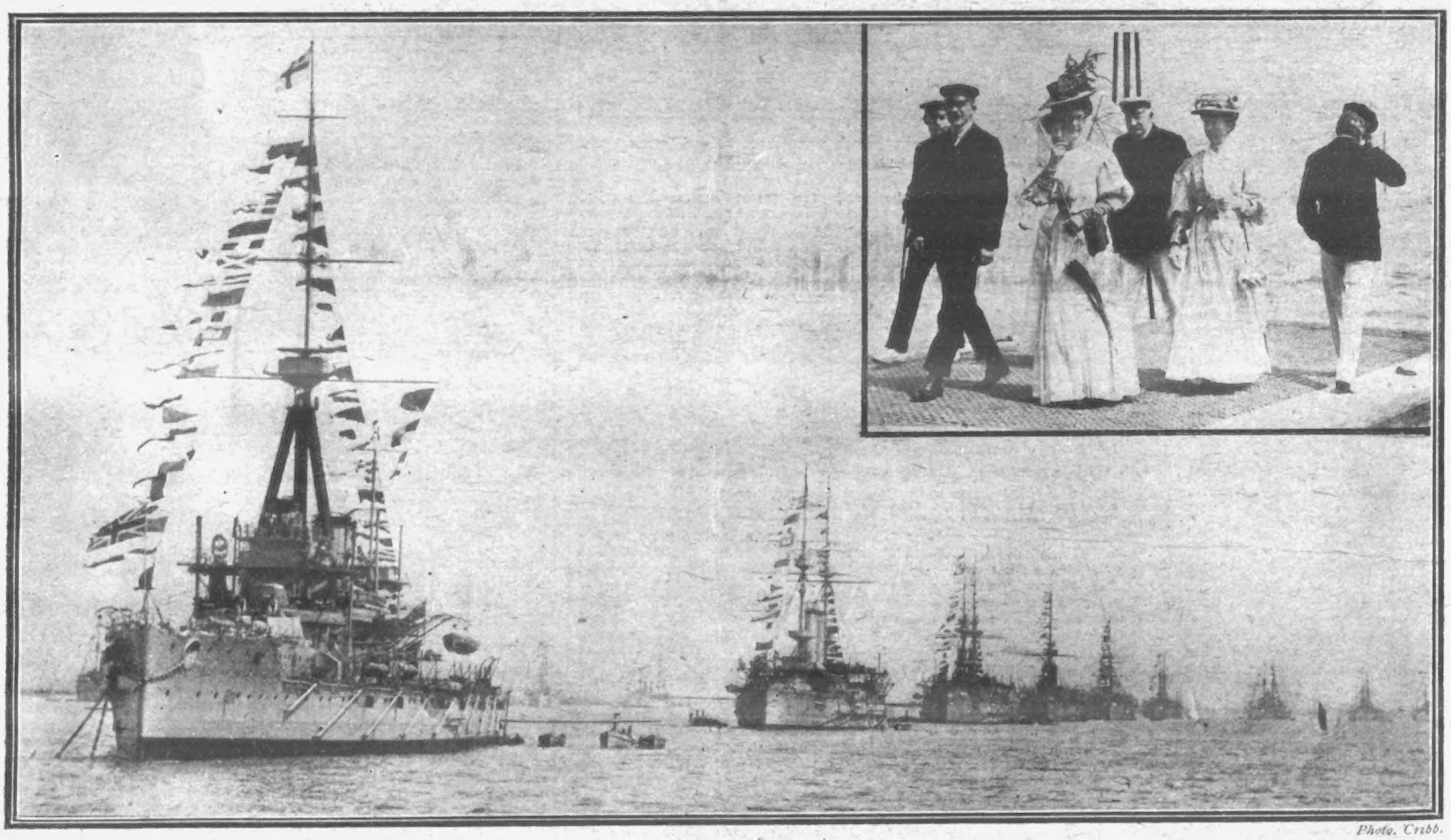


Photo. Cribb.

SOCIETY AND THE FLEET AT COWES.

In addition to yacht-racing this week Cowes has been visited by the Home Fleet. On Monday his Majesty the King went on board the "Dreadnought" and witnessed some very fine shooting. Our photograph shows the gaily decorated warships waiting for the Royal Yacht to pass down their lines. Inset is the Marquis of Ormond and some friends arriving at the Royal Yacht Squadron landing stage.

TWO SIDES TO EVERY QUESTION.

Should Betting Be Abolished?

FOR.

THE time to answer this question is when you have lost your bet.

Every man is for the abolition of betting when his money is in the bookmaker's pocket, and it is then that he who has acquired the taste for gambling will tell you some sound, round truths about it. But the man who has won is going to win again; he is going to have just a "bit more on" than last time. He sees a fortune before him; he sees a new home, a joyful family, and the end of the daily life of ceaseless toil for a wage that a lucky bet will treble in less time than it takes him to hang up his hat. Here lies the grave danger of betting. It is not so much the principle, but the fatal attraction which gambling constitutes to all classes, and especially to those who are in the position of the worker whose every shilling must be well spent if he is to be happy and prosper.

If the losing were as bad as the winning is good, we might not be seriously concerned whether betting is to go or not; the mischief of the whole matter lies first in the irresistible temptation which horse-racing, especially, offers to the man who has not the strength to turn his back on a golden opportunity—in other words, a "good thing." It is the "just once more," the exasperation of failure, the human desire of every man to "get his own back," which places betting as the

FOREMOST CURSE OF THE WORLD.

There is no peace for the man who has once taken the alluring but fatal step. Once the thing has him in its grip, his whole life becomes absorbed by the insane conviction that in the end he is bound to be a winner. For the man who can keep his head and hold his hand there might not be any great harm in losing a shilling or two, but how many such are to be found among men of the working classes who have fallen into the gambler's habits?

And we have not only to reckon with the drain upon wages that betting involves; we must look to the change in a man's moral character, in his power of work, and his capacity for acting as the head of a family, which betting is answerable for. Drink and gambling are old and cunning associates. When a man wins, he drinks for joy, and when he loses, he drinks for sorrow. He drinks to drown suspense, and he drinks to gain the "pluck" to squander his savings on one last chance which may see his luck change. Who are the friends of the man who bets but those who, like himself, have become slaves to the gambler's vice? How many women are there who honour their betting husbands; and who is to blame them? What more disheartening experience can a woman go through than to see her husband spending the money he should bring home on worthless bets, and how can she be expected to teach her children to respect a father who cannot resist the temptation of robbing them of their needs in order that he may indulge in what he may persuade himself are his "sporting tastes"?

HOW DOES THE GAMBLER FACE THE HOME SITUATION?

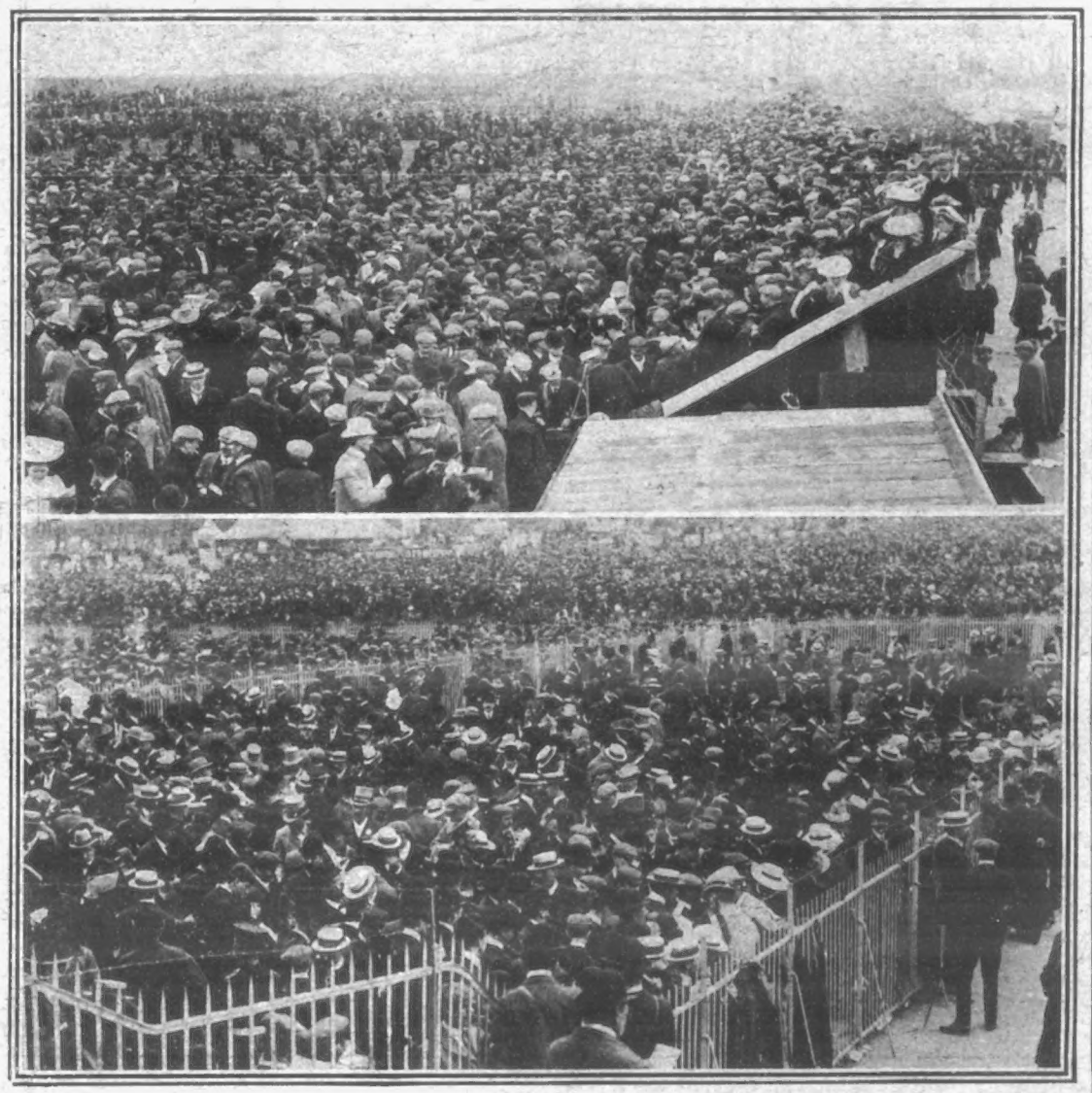
There are only two ways open to him: either he must bet openly and flaunt the fact in his wife's face, asserting his place as the bully who earns the money and spends it as he pleases, or he must gamble in secret, and fill his mouth with lies which he hopes will blind his family to the truth of the case.

The statement that the majority of men who bet do so from a love of sport does not come from those who have studied the results of gambling among all classes; but this much may be admitted: that there is a very far larger percentage of men among the working classes who would continue to support sport after betting was abolished than would be the case among the upper classes and "patrons of the turf." And we firmly believe that if gambling is to go, it is the support of the common-sense worker that will bring this deeply desired result about, far more than any help the cause may gather from other circles. The inducement to bet once removed from horse-racing, there would be a great gain to

HONEST, WHOLESOME SPORT

generally. We see signs of this already in many directions in which all forms of athletic pursuits are increasing without any inflow of the betting element. Men can be got to take a strong interest in sport without risking their shillings; and the stronger such interest becomes, the less desire is there to indulge in betting, even when the opportunity is presented.

Among the younger generation, the liking for horse-racing and gambling generally is undoubtedly less than was formerly the case; but, unfortunately, the temptations to bet are greater, and it is to the ills of betting among boys and lads that we should turn, perhaps, first in our desire to see the law put an effective end to the career of the bookmaker. Indulgence in gambling except with the eyes of those who have made it their mission in life to present every form of amusement as an offence against righteousness. The working man who ventures his shilling once in a way stands, morally, far above the speculator in the City who promotes companies to extract their savings from the pockets of the unwary. But the opponents of betting do not agitate for the suppression of speculation on the grounds that it is yearly ruining thousands of men and women in a way that is impossible by means of legal betting on the racecourse and the field of sport generally, for the simple reason that the lures of the "financier" are directed towards those who may be led to sink their all



SHOULD BETTING BE ABOLISHED?

Even the man on a holiday likes his "bit on," for the above photographs show the huge holiday crowds at Great Yarmouth and Hurst Park, and speak for themselves.

has been the commencement of the downward career of more promising lads than we can contemplate without a bitter feeling against those who claim freedom for all who wish to participate in the practice of betting. To regulate betting so that its temptations are brought only before adults and those who can can be expected to protect themselves is beyond human power, and the only remedy which will serve this country is its total abolition.

AGAINST.

Those who cry down and condemn all forms of betting as a device of the devil to tempt men from the straight path have intentionally shut their eyes to the fact that it is the natural law of the world that we should pass through life taking odds and chances on every side.

The man who races his morning train to the station, on the even chance of beating it, is not in spirit less a tempter of fortune than he who "backs his fancy," and is prepared to stand by it. Both are moved by the same instinct, and to call that instinct a vice is hypocritical and nonsensical into the bargain.

Why betting should be condemned as a sin equal to the most deadly of a wicked world it is impossible to see, in some hare-brained scheme, while the man who bets obtains a little harmless excitement without placing his hand deeply in his pocket.

Even if we grant that the desire of mankind generally is to witness the abolition of betting, is it possible that the task could be successfully accomplished? Before this end could be attained, it would be necessary to deal equally effectively with the terrible young sinner who challenges every other terrible young sinner of his acquaintance with "I bet you a shilling!" (not because he has one, but as a pledge of his spirit) as it would with the man who lays odds in the betting-ring, the card-room, and wherever a sporting match is made.

Deep down in us all is

THE DESIRE TO WAGER OUR OPINIONS,

our strength and our courage against the views, the prowess and the pluck of other men; and in this we may find good quite as readily as evil, and something to admire equally as to hold up to shame. What man worthy of the name does not in his heart prefer the individual who is ready to stand by his own judgment, even if he be a loser thereby, to the shilly-shallier who refuses to be pinned to the convictions he holds unless they bring no responsibility upon him? If there were nothing to be won and lost over sport, we should very soon see all the keenness and spirit taken out of our great national pastimes, and it is false-sighted and narrow-minded to ignore the fact. It is all very well to talk of sport for sport's sake, but we know all the time that it cannot exist, any more than we can ever hope to see a world free from sorrow and crime.

BETTING WE MUST ALWAYS HAVE,

and the sooner the anti-this and anti-that cranks make up their minds to this inevitability, the better for all concerned. Let us govern and rule betting, by all means, and the strongest supporters of sport are on the side of those who desire the utmost protection that the law can give against dishonourable practices in betting transactions. And it is by publicly recognising the making of wagers that betting can be kept within bounds and rendered free from objectionable influence. The dangers which we have to be prepared for will not be those that may attend the continuance of betting, but those that would most certainly follow any sweeping action for the purpose of its abolition. If betting became a punishable offence, if the man who made bets and the man who accepted them were rendered liable to imprisonment, should we be able to say that gambling was exterminated for good and all?

The consequences of any such action are apparent to the most prejudiced exponents of reform on the Turf. We should, instead of entering on an era of "clean sport," commence one of

SECRET GAMBLING,

far more harmful to us individually and to the nation than any state which we find at present, or have gone through in the past.

With the abolition of betting the ingenuity of man would be expended on finding new openings by means of which betting could be continued so as to evade the law. The very fact of the secret nature of the transactions would arouse an aspect of betting which hardly exists at all at the present day. The unscrupulous blackleg would, instead of fearing exposure, be safe in the knowledge that his victims were pledged to silence for motives of self-protection. Here would be a canker eating deep into the midst of the people far more terrible than any depicted by those who are seeking to abolish public betting.

AN ALMOST MAGICAL WEIGHT REDUCER.

APART from its wonderful powers as a weight-reducer and permanent cure for corpulence, there are so many agreeable features about Antipon that no single individual who goes through the course, whether the treatment be of short duration or otherwise, ever fails to recommend it to his or her overstout friends and acquaintances. Hence its vogue is absolutely unique, and hundreds of letters from men and women in all parts of the world testify to the amazing benefits derived from Antipon.

Unimpeachable Testimony.

THESE letters, which express the warmest gratitude of the writers, may be seen by any inquirer at the offices of the Antipon Company. The authenticity of the letters is undoubted, and the testimony they convey positively convincing. Quite haphazard we take the following: "Brentford,—I have now taken four (small) bottles, and I feel I cannot speak too highly of Antipon. When I received the first bottle I weighed 12 st. 9 lb., and now weigh 10 st. 10 lb. I feel a different person. I have told all my friends how I got thin.—(Signed) (Miss) J. S." Here, indeed, is a marvellous result for an expenditure of ten shillings—four 2s. 6d. bottles! Compare this with the costly special treatments so often followed by the rich without any more favourable result than a merely temporary reduction while the treatment is persisted in. This comparison speaks volumes for the extraordinary weight-reducing potency of Antipon.

Tonic Effects.

IN going through a course of Antipon treatment one soon loses the idea that one is under medical treatment, as everything about it is so pleasant; "simply perfection" is the expression most often applied to Antipon, its admirable tonic effects being as remarkable as its weight-reducing powers. As fast as the system is being unburdened of the dangerous internal deposits of unwholesome fatty matter, and as fast as the surface deposits subside, leaving the outward form naturally proportioned and re-beautified, the whole organism is as rapidly being toned up and the constitution re-strengthened. At the end of the course the subject looks and feels years younger, and, indeed, the chances of a long life in the healthiest conditions are very considerably improved. Permanently freed from the burden of excessive fatness, physically strengthened, re-energised, and brightened up, moving with grace and ease, breathing naturally, the circulation quickened, one can enjoy once more those healthful outdoor exercises which keep one fit and well, lithe and active, the vital organs working normally, the glow of health tingling in every vein.

Antipon and Appetite.

THE splendid tonic virtues of Antipon are especially noticeable in the effects on the digestive system, and this is an essential factor in the treatment. The old-time remedies, which relied on semi-starvation and drugging, impaired the digestion and had other evil effects. Antipon has quite the opposite effect, and, as the subject is not troubled with any irksome dietary restrictions, the improved appetite may be satisfied with plenty of wholesome food, including those table luxuries which are compatible with health, whether a person be stout or lean. The normal amount of nourishment taken can but have the most beneficial effect upon health, strength, and vitality.

Tendency to Over-Fatness Destroyed.

LEST any of our readers should think that this welcome latitude as to diet should retard the cure, let us at once say that this is not the case. Antipon has the effect of overcoming the tendency to abnormal development of fatty matter, and this is the secret of the truly permanent benefit received from the treatment, both as regards strength and beauty of form. The extra amount of well-digested food consumed and properly digested will enrich the blood and so increase muscular tissue, but the excess of fatty matter will not reappear. The cure may be therefore regarded as complete and final.

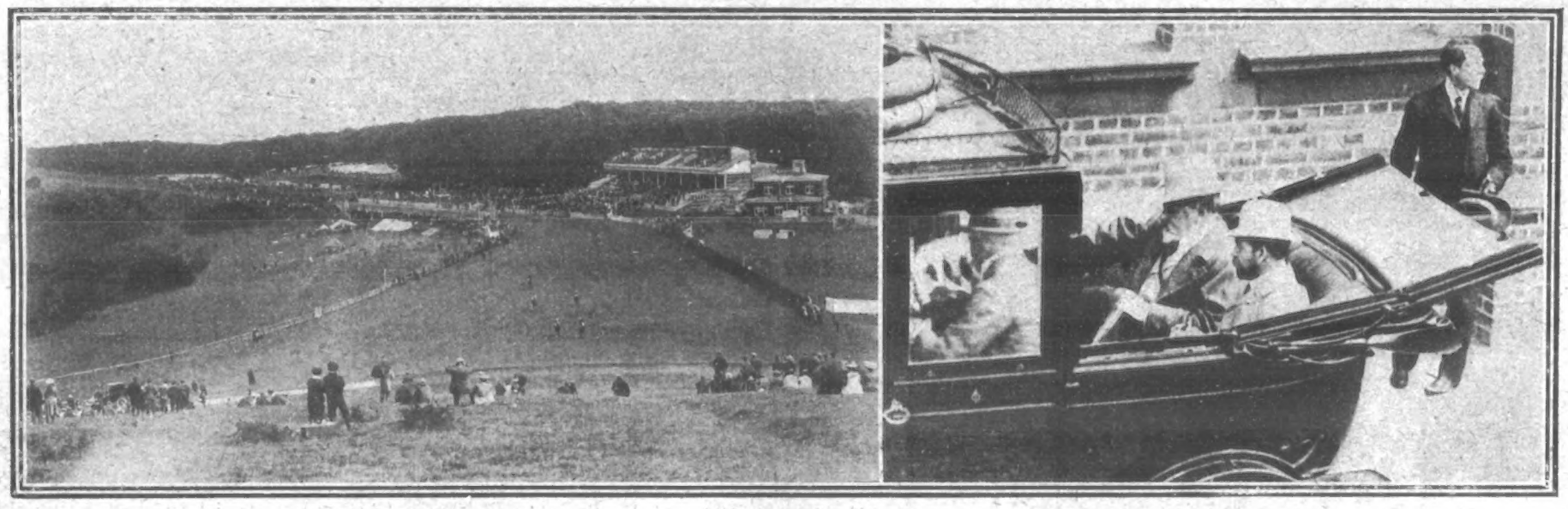
Rate of Reduction.

OF course the rate of reduction is not the same in every case. The degree of corpulence, the long neglect of the same, age, health, and other conditions combine to influence the rapidity or otherwise of the decrease of weight. Within a day and a night of the first dose there is a reduction of 8 oz. to 3 lb., followed by a daily decrease until the final dose. When normal conditions of weight for height and perfect symmetry are restored the treatment may be discontinued.

Pleasant and Harmless.

ANTIPON is an agreeable and refreshing liquid which contains no trace of any mineral or other deleterious substance, and is altogether harmless. It produces no unpleasant reactionary effects, stomachic or intestinal; nor does it cause the slightest discomfort or inconvenience. The treatment is a pleasure to follow, and may be gone through in the strictest privacy.

Antipon is sold in bottles, price 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d., by Chemists' Stores, &c.; or, in case of difficulty, may be had (on remitting amount), carriage free, and privately packed, direct from the Antipon Company, 13, Olmar Street, London, S.E.



GLORIOUS GOODWOOD.

Last week fashionable London was transferred to Goodwood, and the famous race-meeting upheld its traditions. Our first photograph shows a general view of the course after the finish of a race, and the second the arrival of the King and Prince of Wales in a motor car.

THE WORLD OF PASTIME.

CRICKET.

SINCE the decision of the second Test Match, people have been deeply concerned as to the chances of our eleven in the third of the series. England won at Leeds, it is true, but the style they exhibited was far from convincing, and when we consider that the wicket was all against the methods and experience of the South Africans, the latter were by no means disgraced in losing by 53 runs. Small wonder is it then that those who have the well-being of English cricket at heart should view the forthcoming great game with something akin to anxiety. That changes are necessary most people I have met freely admit; but yet I fancy the eleven chosen to do duty at the Oval will differ very little from that which appeared at Leeds. I hope I may be wrong, for, fine cricketers though they are, Braund, Arnold, and "Tip" Foster have not displayed such consistently good form as many others that could be named. Neither is Foster an ideal leader. The man for the position—in the absence of F. S. Jackson—is A. C. MacLaren, and, failing the Lancashire captain, the leadership would be perfectly safe with A. O. Jones.

The Notts skipper has, by the way, accepted the invitation of the M.C.C. to captain the English team which goes to Australia in the autumn. He will probably have Braund, Humphries, K. L. Hutchings, Hayward, Tyldesley, Blythe, Hirst, Arnold, and Lilley under his command. Humphries and Braund have already accepted the invitation of the headquarters' authorities to make the journey "down under," and it is hardly likely that the others will refuse to go. At the time of writing I know of nobody else, but the club may be depended upon to get the best available material.

ARMY ATHLETICS AT ALDERSHOT.

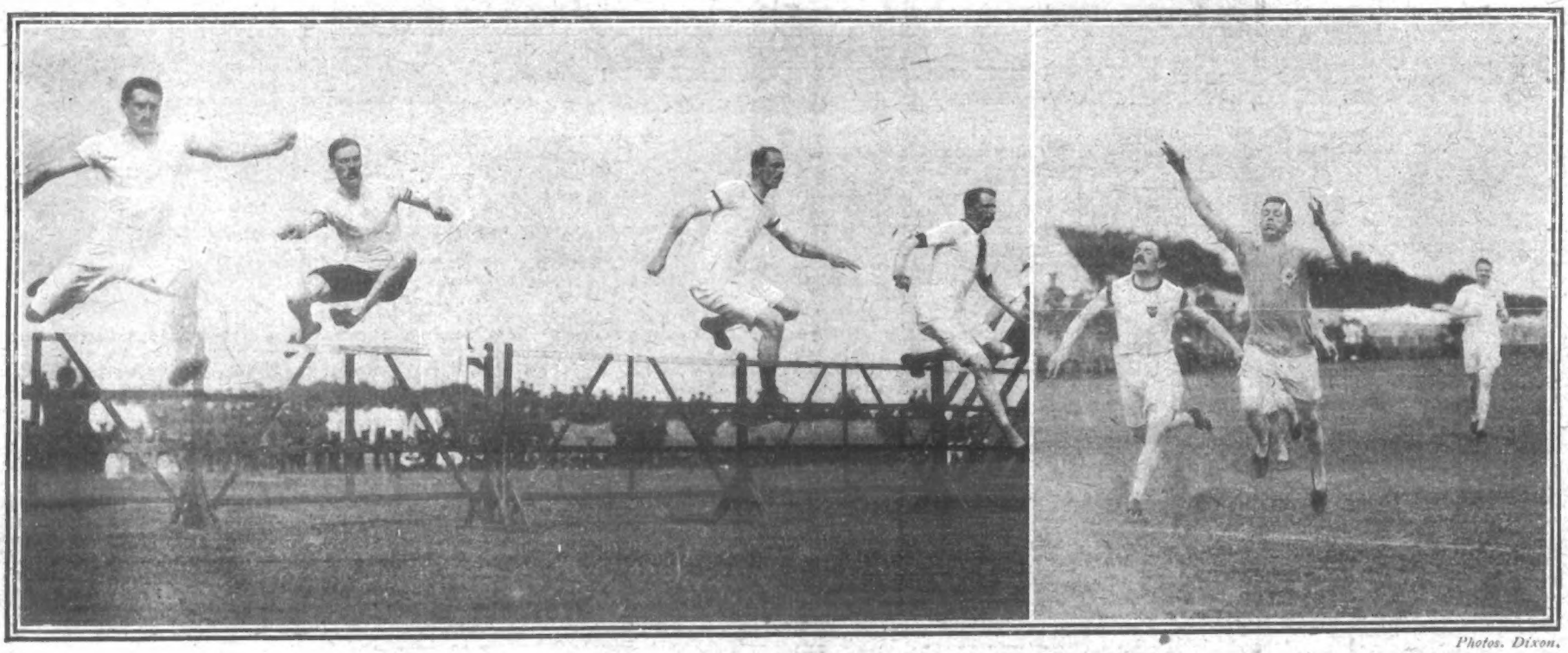
The finish of the 100 yards flat race for non-commissioned officers: Lance-Corporal Muir winning.

The past week's cricket has been of a curiously uneven nature, but our erratic climate must be held to be mainly responsible for it. There have been occasions recently when one side has had the advantage of batting on a pitch which gave the bowlers no assistance and then down comes the rain, the hot rays of the sun follow in its wake, and on a ruined wicket out goes what might in other circumstances have proved the better side.

I was at Southend last week and had the pleasure of witnessing the match between Essex and Surrey. The latter county, on the form displayed, would have probably beaten their rivals in any case, but it was a disappointing match, and hardly a satisfactory test of the merits of the two sides. I regret to have to chronicle that Baker, who batted in brilliant form for 111 in the first innings of Surrey, was so badly hit just under the heart by a fast ball from Buckenham, that his playing again this season is problematical. Essex were also unfortunate, for Russell was unable to bat in their second innings owing to an affection of the eyes. Surrey eventually won by 352 runs.

Thanks to two brilliant centuries by K. L. Hutchings, and some good backing by the rest of the team, Kent saved their match with Worcestershire, but the batting of the player named easily overshadowed anything done by anybody else. Thanks to R. E., H. K., and G. N. Foster, the Western county put on 567, the trio making 123, 174, and 78, in the order named; rather a useful family contribution. However, Hutchings came along with two great innings of 109, on the second occasion being not out. Besides the singularity of his making the same number in each innings, the Kent amateur had the distinction of joining the ranks of those who have made two centuries in a match.

Frank Tarrant, the Middlesex professional, has been going very strongly this season, and he was quite the hero of the match between Middlesex and Gloucestershire, as besides scoring 98 runs in the only innings of his county, he took nine wickets for only 41 runs in Gloucester's second effort. Needless to say, Middlesex won the match. Sussex gained a very good victory at Brighton on Saturday, Killick giving further evidence of his value to his side by compiling 187. Notts and Northamptonshire met at Trent Bridge, the lace county winning by 239 runs. John Gunn scored 107 (not out) in the second innings, and the bowling of Hallam and Wass was a prime factor in the win of the home county.



Photos. Dixon.

ARMY ATHLETICS AT ALDERSHOT.

The 120 yards hurdle race for officers, won by Captain C. E. Kincham. **The mile flat race, won by Private Griffiths after a close finish.**

SWIMMING.

H. Taylor added to his laurels last Saturday when he again won the one-mile English championship. The Chadderton swimmer was opposed by five other men of note, among them being the famous Welshman, P. Radmilovic, who has earned distinction as one of the most improved of long-distance performers. Taylor, however, was first away and, maintaining fine form to the end, won by some 25 yards in 25 mins. 4 2-5 secs., W. Foster, Bacup, being second, and Radmilovic third.

ROWING.

Charles Towns, who assumed the title of sculling champion of the world when his brother George retired, was beaten on Saturday last by the New Zealander, Webb, who is now champion. The race took place on the Parramatta River, and though the younger Towns was a pronounced favourite he was somewhat easily beaten by 2 lengths in 20 mins. 45 secs.

ATHLETICS AND CYCLING.

As is always the case prior to a Bank Holiday, the athletic and cycling world was rather dull on Saturday last, but the Monday made up for the dullness of the last day of the week. Down South there was nothing doing, and the only meeting of importance in the Kingdom was that of the Glasgow Rangers Football Club on their well-appointed ground at Ibrox Park.

Two holders of English championships were competing, these being J. W. Morton, the 100-yards champion, and J. P. George, who won the 220 yards at Fallowfield recently. Only a measure of success attended the efforts of the pair, for though George ran a dead-heat in the quarter-mile with J. Vallance in 49 4-5 sec., the success of the Englishmen ended at that, both failing to gain a situation in the 100-yards. George must have run well in the two furlongs, and according to the clock he was doing inside 51 sec. for the full "440."

The West of Scotland Harrier, T. R. Nicholson, who has no peer at hammer-throwing at the moment, hurled the missle 156 ft. 11 in.; and the four-miles running handicap was won by J. A. Somerville, of the Motherwell Y.M.C.A. The invitation 100-yards went to D. Johnstone, Bellahouston H., who, with 1½ yards start, did 10 1-5 sec.

What was at one time looked upon as the sprint "Derby" of the North, the Booth Hall Plate, but which of late years has fallen from its former high estate, was decided at Blackley last Saturday. W. H. Hawley, of the Broughton H. and A.C., being returned the winner.

Ben Jones, the Wigan cyclist, holder of the one and ten miles British Empire cycling championships, won the mile scratch bicycle race at Belfast, but the time was slow, the rider taking 2 min. 40 sec. to complete the journey

CHICHESTER IVANHOE v. ST. STEPHEN'S FORWARDS (PORTSMOUTH).

Played at Portsmouth on Saturday last, and ended in a victory for Chichester Ivanhoe by 52 runs. For the winners E. H. Budden took six wickets, and W. Falconer four; F. E. Pye and W. Howard made good scores. For the losers, Hussey hit hard, and Rev. Lee-Warner bowled well, with little luck. Scores—

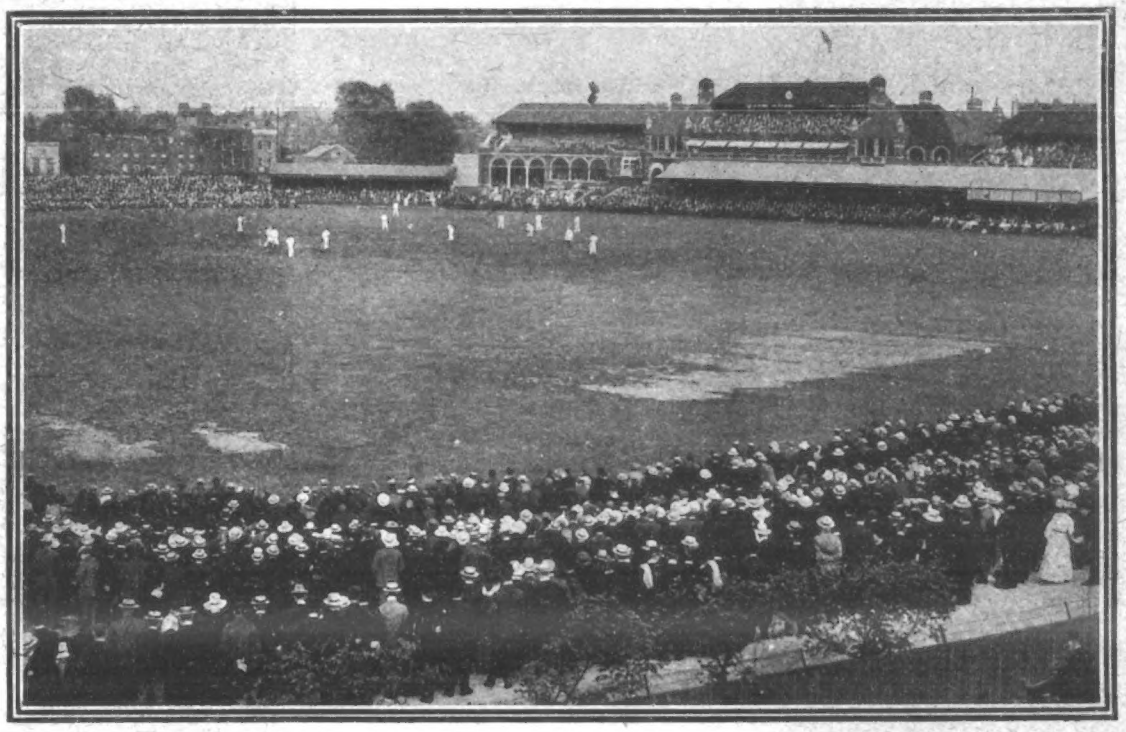
Chichester Ivanhoe: I. Brown, c Westcott, b Tilford, 2; E. Elliott, b Tilford, 0; W. Howard, b Hussey, 22; F. W. Hill, b Tilford, 4; W. Falconer, b Lee-Warner, 6; E. H. Budden, b Tilford, 1; F. G. Longlands, b Lee-Warner, 3; F. E. Pye, retired, 51; J. Squibb, st Kent, b Lee-Warner, 5; C. Bartholomew, not out, 3; C. Light, c C. Hoskins, b Lee-Warner, 0; extras, 15. Total, 112.

St. Stephen's Forwards: Rev. A. Lee-Warner, c Hill, b Falconer, 5; F. Kent, c Budden, b Falconer, 0; A. Jerrom, b Falconer, 3; G. Mouncher, b Budden, 0; E. G. Kent, b Falconer, 13; P. C. Hussey, b Budden, 29; F. Tilford, b Budden, 1; C. Hoskins, b Budden, 4; J. Reason, b Budden, 0; F. Westcott, b Budden, 0; W. Hoskins, not out, 5. Total, 60.

NOTICE.—*In future, all Editorial Communications for the "P. I. P." must be addressed to 172, Strand, London, W.C.*

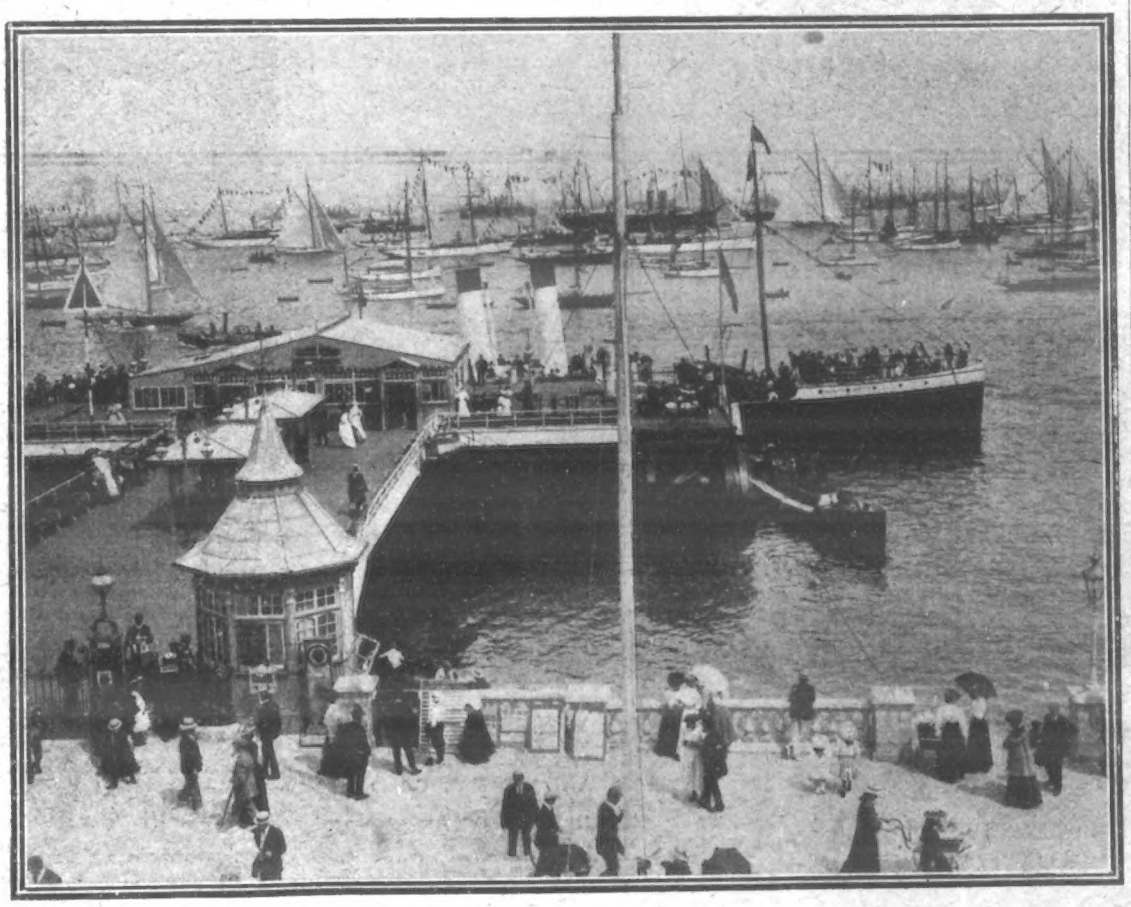
BANK HOLIDAY RACING AT SANDOWN.

Yvette (Bullock up) defeating Hat Trick in the Holiday Two-Year-Old Stakes last Monday.



A BANK HOLIDAY CROWD AT THE OVAL.

The Oval is always popular on August Bank Holiday. This year over thirty thousand people assembled to watch the match between Surrey and Notts.



COWES REGATTA IN FULL SWING

The scene from the Promenade, showing the gaily decorated yachts, and beyond them the fleet of battle-ships. Some interesting racing has taken place.

A NURSE'S STRIKING STORY

Proving her appreciation of "Antexema," the Great Skin Remedy.

Nurse C. writes:

"I have much pleasure in testifying to the merits of "Antexema.' I have used it constantly for some time, and in every case the results have been most satisfactory. In a case of chronic eczema that had been treated with little or no success at two hospitals, the relief at once obtained on using 'Antexema' was very marked, and by a continued use of the preparation a positive cure was effected. I can strongly recommend 'Antexema' for any form of skin trouble. I have used it with perfect safety upon the delicate skins of children, and consider it a most excellent and effective preparation."

You cannot ask for a more convincing letter than this. We do not give the nurse's name, as this is contrary to our practice, but the original letter is in our office and may be seen. Fortunately, this letter does not stand alone It is but one of many. Nurses everywhere are our friends, for they know the merits o

Immediately "Antexema" is applied all irritation ceases and a perfectly healthy condition of the skin is soon established.

"Antexema." They realise that it effects cures where cures seem impossible, and that skin ailments which resist every other treatment disappear under the magical influence of this wonderful skin antiseptic and skin healer. Nurses know that they can safely recommend "Antexema," and that it is as speedy, safe, and certain a remedy for a baby as for an adult, for pimples as for the worst form of eczema, for skin troubles of the back as for the face, and for bad legs as for ringworm. "Antexema" is, therefore, the only remedy you need if you are tormented, disfigured or humiliated by any variety of skin illness.

Are You a Skin Sufferer?

If you are, do not delay a moment about using "Antexema." It is not a nasty, greasy ointment, but a liquid which is at once absorbed by your skin, so that it is invisible, and even if used on your face no one can see it. "Antexema" is a doctor's remedy, and it has the overwhelming advantage that it relieves the worst irritation of the severest skin trouble immediately it is used. The way it cools, soothes, and gives ease is delightful, but that is only one of its merits. The moment you begin using "Antexema" your cure has commenced, and all you have to do is to continue the treatment till the last vestige of your trouble has gone.

Commence with "Antexema" To-day.

No skin ailment is too slight to need attention. Spots, pimples, sore places, eruptions, breakings-out, and red, inflamed patches, are the warning signs of approaching skin illness. Safety, comfort, and the arrest of the further progress of your trouble is found in adopting the "Antexema" treatment now. If you are tortured by burning, smarting, or itching, or are disfigured by any skin trouble, why put up with these discomforts for a day longer? Get "Antexema," the great antidote to skin trouble, at once, and apply it outwardly, take "Antexema Granules" internally to purify your blood, and now and always use "Antexema Soap" for your toilet and bath. Take this advice and we know we shall soon receive a letter of strong thanks from you as from others whom we have cured.

Try "Antexema" now! Every Chemist and Store supplies it at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d., or we will send it direct and post free in plain wrapper for 1s. 3d. and 2s. 9d. "Antexema" can be obtained of Chemists in Australia, New Zealand, Canada, S. Africa, India, and all British Dominions. If you want to test it before purchasing a supply, we shall be glad to give you the opportunity. Fill in the Coupon, or write mentioning "Penny Illustrated Paper" and enclose three penny stamps for our family handbook, "Skin Troubles," and we will forward a generous Free Trial of "Antexema" and "Antexema Granules." Send to the Antexema Company, 83, Castle Rd., London, N.W.

ANTEXEMA

Quickly Relieves and Rapidly Cures

SPECIAL TRIAL COUPON

Fill in this coupon, enclose three penny stamps for our family handbook, and receive with it a generous Free Trial of 'Antexema' and 'Antexema Granules.' The ANTEXEMA COMPANY, 83, Castle Road, London, N.W.

Name .....

Address .....

Penny Illustrated Paper, 10/8/07

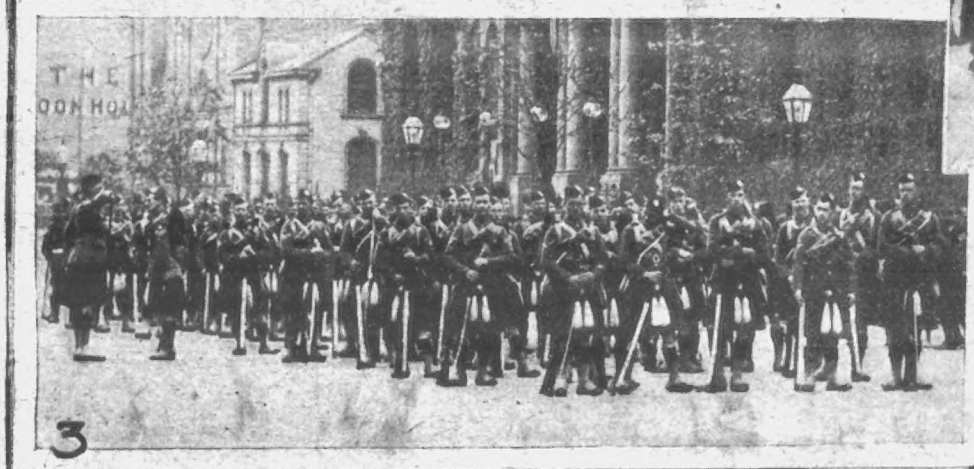
A WOMAN'S DANGEROUS PETS: AN ALLIGATOR-NURSERY.

Photographs by Shefstone.

1. CALLING THE ALLIGATORS TO DINNER. 2. YOUNG ALLIGATORS IN THEIR SEPARATE ENCLOSURES: THE ALLIGATOR-NURSERY. 3. FEEDING-TIME AT ALLIGATOR-FARM. (THE TOMBSTONE IS TO A TERRIER KILLED BY THE ALLIGATORS.) 4. GENTLE TREATMENT FOR THE ALLIGATOR: MESMERISM. 5. MRS. JOSEPH CAMPBELL FEEDING HER BABY ALLIGATORS. 6. A DUCK FOR GOOD CONDUCT: REWARDING A VETERAN ALLIGATOR.

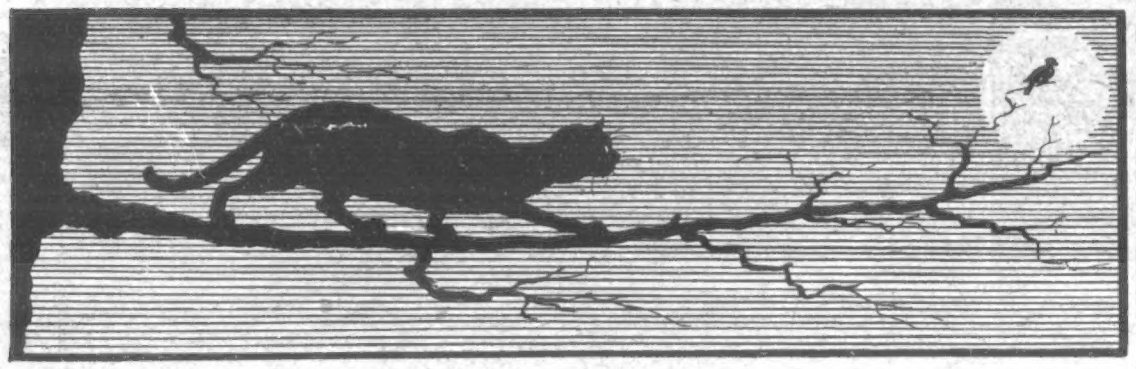
The alligator-farm was founded by Mr. H. J. Campbell, the son of an English Colonel. The establishment occupies several acres on the bank of a small mountain stream at Hot Springs, Arkansas. On the farm are from 800 to 900 alligators, from tiny babies to magnificent bulls from 16 to 18 feet long. A large business is done in baby alligators, which are sold as pets at prices ranging from 5s. to 10s. 6d. The bigger reptiles are sold at so much per foot. A six-foot alligator costs about four pounds. Mr. Campbell is known as "Alligator Joe." He has a wonderful mesmeric power over his charges: when he wishes to catch one he lassoes it round its throat, just above the fore feet, and also round the jaw just above the eyes. It is thus impossible for the creature to do any harm. The baby alligators have to be kept separate from their parents, which are cannibals. All the baby alligators in photograph 5 were hatched in incubators. Special chutes are provided for the amusement of the alligators.

THE BATTLE OF BELFAST



Photos. Topical.

Belfast has been the scene of a battle between order and disorder, with many guardians of order on the side of the rebels, and it was only the prompt and drastic action of the Government that prevented a state of almost civil war in the city. As it is, there has been a good deal of rioting, but nothing especially serious. Our photographs show: 1. Troops arriving in the city to keep order. 2. The camp in Ormeau Park. 3. The Camerons, the first troops to arrive in the city. 4. Guarding a lorry threatened by the strikers. 5. Troops pouring into the city to the sound of martial music. 6. Bread and bullets—provisions and ammunition for the Berkshire Regiment. Inset is a photograph of Barrett, the constable round whom the trouble with the police is centred, being chaired round the streets.



HUMOURS OF THE WEEK.

The Bishop and the Tramp.

The experiences of Bishop Talbot, long the "Cowboy Bishop," but now Bishop of Central Pennsylvania, have been many and varied, and his book, recently published, "My People of the Plains," gives a fascinating picture of life in the earlier days of the great West.

Miners, cowboys—all loved him, and they still tell a host of stories about him.

Once, while still Bishop of Wyoming and Idaho, he went to St. Paul to attend a meeting of dignitaries of the Church. There, one noon, on the porch of the hotel, a tramp approached a group of bishops and asked for aid.

"No," one of the churchmen replied, "I don't think we can do anything. But down there is the youngest Bishop of us all" (pointing to Bishop Talbot) "and he's a very generous man."

The tramp went to Bishop Talbot, and the others watched with interest. They saw a look of surprise come over the tramp's face—they saw that the Bishop was talking eagerly, earnestly—they saw the tramp look perturbed—but they finally saw that something passed from hand to hand.

The tramp tried to get away without speaking to those of the group, but the former spokesman called to him.

"Well, did you get something from our young brother?"

The tramp grinned sheepishly. "No; I gave him a dollar for his blamed new cathedral at Laramie!"

Tried It.

"What!" cried the genial Topkins, slapping his friend Jobson on the back, "you are in love with Maud Dawson, and too bashful to propose to her! Think shame of yourself, man! Just you follow my plan. I was out walking one night with a lady, who is now my wife, and we came to a jeweller's shop and I pointed to the engagement-rings in the window and said, 'Wouldn't you like one of these?' and she said 'Yes,' and so it was all settled."

"Capital idea!" cried the bashful Jobson. "I'll try it this very night."

Twenty-four hours later the two friends met once more.

"Well, Jobson," cried Popkins, "did the plan work?"

"Work," groaned Jobson, "I should think it did! Just listen. I took Maud along High Street and stopped at Goldstein's, the jeweller's, and I pointed to the engagement-rings in the window and asked her if she would like one; and she smiled and blushed and put her hand on my arm and said, 'Oh, yes, dear George. I would like that one,' and 'that one' was fifteen guineas!"—*Tit-Bits.*

Safeguarded.

A number of youths were standing at a street corner when a policeman approached and gruffly requested them to move on.

"Officer," said one youth in a gentle voice, "I'd like to ask you a question."

"Very well, Sir."

"Does the law permit me to call you an ass?"

"You move on," the officer growled.

"But stop a bit," continued the youth. "Does the law permit me to call an ass a policeman?"

"The law don't say nothing about that," was the reply.

"Then," said the youth calmly, "good-night, Mr. Policeman."

He Had Had Some.

A well-known theatrical manager tells the following story against himself. An actor came to him and applied for an engagement. There did not seem to be much need of him, but his demands in the way of salary were very modest, and the manager said to him—

"Well, you may consider yourself engaged. I fancy I can find something for you to do."

The newly-engaged man looked at the manager questioningly.

"How about a contract?" he asked.

"Oh, never mind a contract. We'll have a verbal contract."

There was a look of mild reproach in the eyes of the man as he answered sorrowfully—

"Sir, the last time I made a verbal contract I drew a verbal salary."—*Cassell's Saturday Journal.*

"Me—an' Thee!"

A persistent insurance agent had long been pestering a certain engine-driver to take out a policy on his life. Meeting with little success, he called at the works where the man was employed, and endeavoured to work on his fears.

"Now, look there," said the agent, pointing to a couple of huge boilers close at hand. "If those were to explode, where would you be?"

"Theer's no knowin'," was the reply, "I might be anywheer at the time—safe i' bed for choice!"

"Yes, yes," said the agent, "but that isn't what I mean. If they were to blow up now—at this identical moment?"

"Weel, i' that case," replied the other quietly, "I reckon me an' thee 'ud finish oor little argyment up i' the clouds!"

Then the agent gave it up.—*Penny Magazine.*

Crowned His Woes.

A young man in flannels and a straw hat was wheeling a baby-carriage back and forth along the pavement in front of an imposing set of flats. The hot afternoon sun poured pitilessly down upon him. "My dear," came a voice from an upper window.

"What's the matter?" he shrieked back. "Let me alone, can't you?" And he went on wheeling.

An hour later the same voice came from the same window—"George, dear!"

"Well, what's the matter now?" he shouted. "Have the water-pipes burst?"

"No, George, dear!" wailed the voice, "the water-pipes are all right, but you've been wheeling Lottie's doll all the afternoon. Won't you let baby have a turn now?"—*Penny Magazine.*

Very Pleasant.

The well-known wit of London omnibus-drivers at time approaches the extremely personal, as witness the following.

A little while ago, a gentleman riding along Cheapside was suddenly interested to see his driver hurriedly fumble in his pocket at the approach in the opposite direction of a rival omnibus, and drawing forth a piece of string to dangle it with a taunting playfulness at the other driver.

The latter, however, ignoring the overtures, drove steadily on, with a stolid indifference that evidently disappointed the performer.

Turning to the gentleman by his side, who had watched the event with curiosity, the latter jerked his thumb disdainfully after the disappearing driver.

"He ain't got no sense of humour, guv'nor," he declared contemptuously. Raising the string, he again dangled it derisively. "His brother was hung larst Monday!" he explained.—*Tit-Bits.*

BUSINESS IS BUSINESS.

"You're a very naughty boy to throw that muddy starfish at my little niece, and dirty her nice white hat; I shall go straight up to the town and tell your mother. Where does she live?"

"At the *Marine Laundry,* Mum, opposite the pier."

Drawn by John Hassall.

"P.I.P." PLAYGOER.

"THE POCKET MISS HERCULES," AT THE ROYALTY THEATRE.

Photo. Bassano.

A DAINTY SAILOR.

Miss Gladys Cooper, who is appearing at the Gaiety Theatre.

Savoy Double Performance.

THE last performance of the present season at the Savoy Theatre will take place on Saturday, Aug. 24, when there will be a special double performance, beginning at 4 p.m., with an interval between 6.45 p.m. and 8 p.m. The programme will be as follows—

4.0 p.m.	First Act of	"Yeomen of the Guard."
5.40 ,,	Second Act of	"The Gondoliers."
	Interval from 6.45 until 8 p.m.	
8.0 ,,	Second Act of	"Patience."
9.40 ,,	First Act of	"Iolanthe."
11.0 ,,	The National Anthem.	

Sung by the whole company, accompanied by the orchestra of the Savoy Theatre and the military band of "Iolanthe."

All tickets will be sold for the complete double performance, and will, generally speaking, be double the usual prices. The seats for either half of the performance are transferable. Evening dress will not be compulsory on this occasion.

An Innovation at the Lyric.

Believing that those who master the plot before listening to an opera can best enjoy the music, Mr. Charles Manners has invested in a huge number of copies of "Madame Butterfly" with a view to selling them to his patrons at about one-third of the published price. With a view to picking up as many hints as possible for the forthcoming production of "Madame Butterfly," Mr. Charles Manners paid a special visit to Paris to witness the performance at the Opéra Comique. By combining the knowledge thus acquired with that which his visits to Covent Garden have afforded him, he hopes to achieve something which will please his patrons. A special feature of the production will be the preservation of the local colour.

The Wonderful Hymack.

Mr. Hymack, who has been littering the stage of the Empire with various articles of clothing which come, apparently, from nowhere, is another of the actors who have been lured to the variety stage by the greater rewards it offers. He has played both in England and in America. In "The Lackey's Carnival," at the Duke of York's (says a writer in the *Sketch*), his memory once played him a trick which, however amusing in the telling, was anything but funny at the time. He had a small part, that of a detective, who was disguised as a waiter, and he had to attend a party in his official capacity. In the course of the scene, Mr. Allan Aynesworth, who was playing the leading part, had to turn to him and say, "Are you one of my guests?" He should have replied, "No, Sir, I'm a waiter." Instead, he exclaimed, "No, Sir, I'm a detective," to the great amusement of everybody. In America, as well as on its revival in London, he played Sid Price, the Cockney burglar, in "Sherlock Holmes." In Chicago the critics found fault with his impersonation, because—he had a Cockney accent! As all who have seen Mr. Hymack's turn are aware, a pump plays a secondary part in the scene. It was his original intention to make it the leading feature of his entertainment, and metaphorically to support it himself. His own personal success, however, decided him to change his idea, and now the pump supports him, though a few evenings ago the mechanism by which it is removed from the stage declined to work, and the pump showed a most human inclination to remain in the middle of the stage, and to take the call which was intended for Mr. Hymack.

Photo. Bassano

LADY GODIVA.

La Milo, who is taking the part of Lady Godiva in the Coventry Pageant.

The Rev. and Hon. Septimus Falarope (Mr. Cecil Burt).
The Hon. Sophia Falarope (Miss Isabel Grey).
Lord Dyderdown (Mr. H. Athol Forde).
The Hon. Ferdinand Falarope (Mr. Fred Wright Junior).
Meakin (Mr. Hubert Druce).
Photo. Dover St. Studios
Daisy Faye (Miss Esmé Hubbard).

"THE POCKET MISS HERCULES," BY J. STORER CLOUSTON, AT THE ROYALTY THEATRE.

Daisy Faye, an ex-dressmaker, who is believed to be a professional "strong woman," cows the household of a penniless nobleman, who is anxious to marry his son to her. She is later on disarmed by an athletic lover, who successfully withstands her threats and who, at the same time, conquers her affections.

Our Splendid Serial. ***Sensation and Mystery.***

THE MYSTERY OF A MOTOR-CAB.

By FERGUS HUME,

Author of "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab," "The Black Patch," "Jonah's Luck," "The Yellow Hunchback." &c., &c., &c.

CHAPTER X. *(Continued.)*

A SURPRISE VISIT.

MILADY looked at Miss Lane rather puzzled. "You are a stronger woman than I took you to be," she said, scrutinising the grey face before her.

Harriet flushed indignantly. "I am considered to be very strong in my will-power."

Lady Cobbin nodded. "I quite understand, because you have never crossed swords with a really strong-willed person,"

"I have with Arthur."

"Pooh! he was merely a selfish, obstinate rat. Besides, his sister was always on your side, and union is strength. And Mr. Mendle deferred to you because you influenced your half-sister, and loving him, you would always influence her to Mr. Mendle's benefit. No; you are not strong, but you have been made to believe that you are strong. Still, you have more strength than I gave you credit for."

Harriet was amazed as Lady Cobbin's rapid reading of her character, and could not help putting her amazement into words. "How did you gather all this? Has Lewis——"

"Mr. Mendle said nothing. It is my business to read character, so as to know how to deal with people. But time is passing, and I have yet to learn why you went to the City. What did you want at Mr. Mendle's office on that night?"

"How do you know that I went there?"

"Oh, I don't say that you arrived there; but you certainly intended to go there, else you would not have told Embers—as you thought him to be—to go to the City."

"I really did believe Arthur to be Sir Samuel," protested Harriet. "They were not unlike, and with the coat, the cap, the glasses——"

"Yes, yes!" interrupted Milady impatiently. "I understand how you made the mistake. But why did you go to the City?"

"To see Lewis on particular business."

"Would it not have waited until the morning? Mr. Mendle lives near here, I know."

"Lewis was in his office, working late," explained Harriet, "and I wished to relieve my mind as soon as possible. Sir Samuel usually came to the Piccadilly Theatre to take me or Belinda home, for Belinda goes frequently there. I knew also that Sir Samuel was driving Lewis back and forward to the office; therefore I asked Mrs. O'Toole to find me the cab, so that I might, so to speak, kill two birds with one stone—that is, I could drive to the office, pick up Lewis, and talk to him while we drove to Kensington."

"What did you wish to talk about?" asked Lady Cobbin abruptly.

"About Arthur," hesitated Miss Lane

"What about him?"

"Must I tell you what it is?" murmured Harriet, much distressed.

"I think that I am showing myself a very good friend," said Milady drily, "and I fancy that you have confidence in me. If I am to learn who killed the boy, I must know everything."

Harriet twisted in her seat. "We have a six o'clock dinner," she said again irrelevantly, as it seemed, "since I go to the theatre early. Arthur came home very much excited over something he had found out about Dr. Darton——"

"Oh!" said Lady Cobbin, remembering what Mendle had said. "What had he learned about Dr. Darton?"

"I can't say. He refused to tell me or Belinda, although she was very anxious to know. But Arthur said that he would make it hot for Dr. Darton—I use his own words, of course—and that Belinda would never marry him. She left the room in a rage, and afterwards Arthur hinted that he would leave Darton alone if he got money through me, from Lewis, who held the purse. He wanted me to use my influence with Lewis, as he and Lewis never got on well together. I refused."

"I wonder at your doing that," said Milady pensively, "since it was to your interest to get Belinda married to Dr. Darton, and thus allow yourself a chance of marrying Mr. Mendle, whom you love."

"I thought of that," cried Harriet nervously; "to my shame, I admit that I thought of that. But the purpose for which Arthur wanted the money—I knew, if I told Lewis the purpose, that he would refuse to give one penny. And, after all, Lewis allowed Arthur one thousand a year, which he squandered."

"He would have exhausted the Bank of England, would that young scoundrel!" said Lady Cobbin grimly. "And the purpose?"

"I'll tell you that later. Meanwhile, I admit that I went to the City in a cab."

"What happened during the drive. Be careful, if you please."

"I am both careful and truthful," said Harriet tartly; "the cab went along all right until it reached one of those lanes leading down to the Thames River."

"What is the name of the lane?" Out came Lady Cobbin's notebook.

"I cannot tell you. I did not observe. But the cab broke down, and Sir Samuel—as I thought—muttered something about not being able to drive me further."

"Humph. I tell you one thing, Miss Lane. If you did not recognise your half-brother, he certainly recognised you, and made the breakdown an excuse to get rid of you. He hired the cab, or rather ran away with it, for some villainy, with which your presence might have interfered. "Don't you agree with me?"

"I suppose it must be so," muttered Harriet, looking puzzled. "However, I left the cab at the top of the lane, and walked to the Mansion House Metropolitan station. There I caught a late train, and came home to High Street, Kensington. I walked here."

"Then you did not go to the office after all?"

"No. The snow was falling very thickly and it was bitterly cold. Also I had on thin shoes, and not being able to get another cab, I did not want to get my death of cold by walking to Cade Lane. I decided to go home and wait up for Arthur, and insist that he should come with me the next morning to see Lewis at Rutland Square."

"What about?"

"Something that I had found out about Arthur; something that would have made Lewis very angry. As I said, I'll tell you about it later."

"Why not now?"

"I want to tell the story in a regular fashion. When I came home I found Belinda sitting up, also waiting for Arthur."

"For what reason?"

"He had taken her to the theatre, and on the way had renewed his threats

Photos. Jarrold.

PAGEANTITIS IN THE ISLE OF WIGHT

Even the little island in the south so beloved of holiday-makers and yachtsmen has caught the prevailing disease, and is having a pageant—a very fine pageant—which this week has been seen by many distinguished visitors from Cowes, which is not far from the scene of action—Carisbrooke Castle. Our photographs show Frances Trattle presenting the historic damask rose to King Charles, and the seizure of Major Rolfe by the infuriated populace.

against Dr. Darton. Belinda feared lest he should meet Dr. Darton and there should be a quarrel, for, to be plain, Lady Cobbin, Arthur was rather excited with liquor. Belinda could not go to bed until she knew if a meeting had taken place. We waited until quite early in the morning, and then Lewis arrived with the dreadful news. I really thought that he was drunk also, as he was so excited."

"And small wonder. But do you mean to tell me that you did not recognise your half-brother when the cab broke down?"

"I really did not," said Harriet deliberately and earnestly. "He spoke softly, and the place where the cab stopped was dark. The snow was falling heavily as he lay down to look at the damage that was done."

"I don't believe that there was any damage," said Lady Cobbin contemptuously. "He didn't wish to be known. I shouldn't be surprised to learn that he had gone to murder someone, and so had been murdered himself. Quite a case of the biter bit."

"Do you think that he met with Dr. Darton," suggested Harriet timidly, "and that a quarrel——"

She got no further for the time being, as the door opened with a swing, and Belinda literally rushed into the room, her eyes wide open with astonishment. Behind her crept, rather than walked, a slender pale girl, dressed in a shabby black frock, which had once been new and fashionably made. She became red and pale by turns as Belinda spoke.

"Harriet," cried Miss Gerson, "fancy—this is Ellen Parley!"

"The tobacconist girl," murmured Lady Cobbin.

"The wife of Arthur Gerson, if you please," cried the shabby new-comer.

CHAPTER XI.

WHAT ELLEN KNEW.

Harriet Lane did not seem to be astonished at the announcement of the girl. Her face was drawn and grey, as the important interview with Milady had sapped her strength. She seemed to have little emotion left, and was prepared to receive bad news in an apathetic manner. Belinda, troubled by her frozen looks, plucked at her dress.

"Harriet, do you hear her say that she is Arthur's wife? Is it true?"

"True?" Mrs. Gerson answered for herself, and with childish temper, "Of course, it is true. Do you think that I would come here to tell lies, Miss?"

"If it was made worth your while you would," put in Lady Cobbin, whose brain was busy considering the possible use to be made of this information.

"Worth my while!" echoed the pale girl, with a faint titter. "How can it be worth my while, unless my sister-in-law"—she pointed to the still astonished Belinda—"allows me an income."

"Which you came here to obtain," finished the inquiry-agent.

"And why should I not? My father told me that, by Arthur's death, Mr. Mendle's money becomes the property of Miss Gerson. As Arthur's widow, she is bound to look after me."

"If you *are* Arthur's widow," said Belinda coldly. "Harriet, why don't you speak? You hear what she says. Is it true?"

"Perfectly true," replied Harriet calmly, and turned towards Lady Cobbin. "This is what I wished to see Lewis about on the night my half-brother was killed. Arthur told me, after Belinda left the room, that he was married. He asked me to break the news to Lewis, and ask for money to set up an establishment."

"Harriet," cried Belinda reproachfully, "why did you not tell me?"

"There was no need, dear. You have enough troubles on your shoulders without being burdened with those of Arthur."

"But you know that Arthur hated Wilfred," cried Belinda angrily. "I suppose he intended to get money from Wilfred, if Lewis did not allow him a larger income."

"I think he did. Unless Dr. Darton paid him well, and consented to give you up, Arthur would not have returned the papers."

"What papers?"

"Those which were stolen from the water-proof envelope," said Milady, at a venture.

Belinda started, and her colour faded. "The water-proof envelope," she whimpered, "why, that was — that was——"

"Found at the feet of the dead. Exactly."

The girl looked at her with a terrified gaze. Mrs. Gerson had seated herself in a somewhat sulky manner, and Harriet also had sunk into a chair. Only Lady Cobbin and Belinda were standing. "Who are you?" asked the latter suddenly

"I am an inquiry agent."

"An inquiry agent? What do you mean?"

"She is a detective," faltered Harriet, who was pressing her hands together as though in pain. "Lewis has engaged her to learn who killed Arthur. We have been talking over the matter."

Belinda sat down unexpectedly, gripping the arms of the chair with startled vehemence, and stared dully at Lady Cobbin. "I offered no reward."

"I do not expect one," Milady informed her smoothly. "Mr. Mendle pays all my expenses."

"It is a trick," cried Belinda hoarsely. "Lewis wants to hunt him down, and——"

"Hunt whom down?" asked Lady Cobbin quickly and sharply.

The girl did not answer. Already she had said too much, as she plainly perceived. In the presence of this sleuth-hound of the law it was necessary to be careful. Milady saw that Belinda could not trust herself to speak. "What thinking that I am a weak fool, likely to be coerced into telling you things which I intend that you shall not know. But I am strong——"

"Dr. Darton's peril gives you strength," interpolated Milady pointedly.

"He is in no peril."

"Belinda," cried Harriet faintly, "you know what Arthur said, and——"

"Hold your tongue," cried Belinda, turning on her half-sister like a small fury. "Arthur was a fool, as you are. What he said was private, and there is no need to allow strangers to know our affairs."

"Better let a stranger know than the police," warned Lady Cobbin.

"You can tell the police nothing," said Belinda, undauntedly, "for you know nothing. If your business is finished here, you must go."

"It is not finished, and I shall not go."

"You shall!"

The door opened with a swing, and Belinda rushed into the room. Behind her crept a slender, pale girl dressed in a shabby black frock. "Harriet," cried Miss Gerson, "this is Ellen Parley!" . . . "The wife of Arthur Gerson, if you please!" cried the shabby new-comer.

do you know?" she asked authoritatively.

"Nothing!" rejoined the girl, doggedly.

"You do; and what you know has to do with Dr. Darton. You are shielding him. You know something to his detriment connected with this death of your brother. The mere fact that you fainted when Mr. Mendle accused your lover of——"

Belinda sprang up, her face flushed and her eyes glittering like stars. "I forbid you to say more," she cried, flinging up her hand. "You have no right to speak in this way. Dr. Darton has nothing to do with this matter. He is innocent."

"I have not accused him yet," said Lady Cobbin, swiftly on the defensive.

"There is nothing to accuse him of," retorted Belinda, facing the woman with astonishing resolution. "Apparently you have seen Lewis, and he has engaged you to be a spy. You have come here."

The two women faced one another resolutely, and a duel of wills ensued. Lady Cobbin had understood from the dead man that Belinda was as weak as Harriet was strong. He had been wrong in both cases. Already the weakness of Miss Lane had been made manifest by her enforced confession of matters which she would rather have kept secret. Now Belinda, the timid girl, the inexperienced, the emotional, was proving herself to be possessed of that real strength which was required to defend her lover. It would not be an easy matter to make her speak out. The masks of the two half-sisters had been torn off by circumstances, and their true characters were a reversal of those with which they had been credited.

Lady Cobbin was extremely annoyed. She was accustomed to having her own way, and so far had secured it with Harriet. But Belinda, she saw, would prove a hard nut to crack. She was like a peach, soft to look at, but containing the kernel of a dominating nature. Hitherto, from being dependent upon Lewis Mendle for money, Belinda had been more or less of a slave. But in studying to serve she had learned how to rule; and having come into her kingdom of money and love, she was bent upon being a despot. The inquiry agent—another despot—set herself to work the downfall of her rival in obstinacy. She would have begun the campaign at once, but that a plaintive voice made itself heard from the corner where Mrs. Gerson was seated.

"You don't seem to take any notice of me," complained the widow in a tearful manner, "and I'm sure I deserve some little attention, seeing that Arthur is dead, and that I have not a penny."

Belinda, with her blue eyes as hard as those of a cat, whirled round and looked at the shrinking figure in the shabby black gown. "I see that Arthur treated you like the brute he was," said Belinda.

"What do you mean by that?" demanded Belinda imperiously.

"I think you can guess."

"Perhaps I can; but you needn't think that I am to be trapped into admitting what you want to know."

"Ah! Then there is something that I should know."

"There isn't," cried Miss Gerson, with true feminine contrariness. "It may be that I have some doubts, but these I shall not explain to you, whatever your name may be."

"My name is Lady Cobbin."

"It is Milady. I remember now. Arthur said something about going to you in order to see if you could help him to get money out of ——"

"How do you know that?"

"Oh, you look astonished," said Belinda scornfully, "but Arthur was always a fool, and told me everything."

"Apparently, he did not tell you that his real reason for seeking my assistance was to ask my help to have Mr. Mendle kidnapped, and afterwards killed, so that he and you might get the money."

"Oh, impossible! impossible!" wailed Harriet, wringing her hands.

"It is not impossible," said Belinda tersely. "If you had known Arthur as well as I did, Harriet, you would have seen that to get money for his horrid pleasures he would hesitate at nothing. Did he really marry you?" she asked, turning to the widow. "It is not like him to act so honourably."

"Arthur loved me, and I loved Arthur," wept Mrs. Gerson. "He first met me in the shop; and afterwards, when I learned that he was the ward of Mr. Mendle, to whom my father was clerk, I asked him home. He came, and my father liked him."

"Arthur could make himself agreeable if he liked," muttered Belinda contemptuously, "and between your father and yourself you brought him to consent to a secret marriage."

"Yes," whimpered Mrs. Gerson, shrinking from Belinda's scorn, "we were married six months ago in St. Edwald's Church, in Marylebone. Arthur wanted the marriage kept quiet, because——"

"Because he knew that Lewis would stop his thousand a year if the marriage became known. I understand."

"Considering the terms of the will," observed Lady Cobbin at this moment, "Mr. Mendle had no right to stop the allowance."

"Lewis had complete control of the money, Milady, and could give it or withhold it at his pleasure. He behaved very well to Arthur on the whole, and my brother ungratefully tried to murder him twice. He also attempted murder for a third time indirectly through you. Poor Lewis went in danger of his life, and for such a nervous man that was a terrible existence to lead. And another thing," added Belinda, warming to her subject, "if you knew the will made by my father, you would understand that Lewis was compelled to prevent Arthur from marrying, by depriving him of his money."

"I never knew that," said Lady Cobbin, while Ellen uttered a faint cry like that of a trapped animal.

"You don't know everything," said Belinda coolly; "ask Harriet if what I say is not true."

"Yes," said Miss Lane, when thus appealed to. "My step-father saw what Arthur was: neurotic, unprincipled, and selfish. He knew that he would make any woman miserable——"

"As he has done," said Belinda, indicating the shrinking Ellen.

"And moreover held strong views as to people marrying when mentally or physically unfit. In the will he said that neither Arthur nor Belinda were to marry. If they did, they were not to receive any money until Lewis died."

"And were to receive it—the survivor—if either one of them died," muttered Lady Cobbin, somewhat bewildered. "A strange will, truly. Then, I take it that if Mr. Mendle had learned of this marriage, he would have cut off Mr. Gerson's income?"

"Yes," said Ellen timidly, "my father had read the will, and told Arthur so. That was why we kept the marriage secret."

"And Arthur let slip the fact of his marriage when you left the table on that night, Belinda," said Harriet, wiping her eyes. "He asked me to intercede with Lewis. I was going to the office from the theatre on that very night."

"Did you see Lewis?" asked Belinda, astonished by this revelation.

"No. The cab broke down, and I came home to find you waiting up for Arthur. As you know, Lewis came to tell us of his death."

Ellen was crying quietly. Arthur had treated her vilely, but apparently she considered that his death had cancelled all resentment. "I only saw him that very afternoon," she wailed, "and he was much kinder than usual. He said that he was going to make our fortunes."

"Why do you say that?" asked Mrs. Gerson, startled.

Belinda pointed to the shabby dress. "Arthur was allowed a thousand a year by Lewis, yet he could dress you no better than that."

"This frock was made by a very good dressmaker."

"During the honeymoon, no doubt. But Arthur's love lasted only for a time, and after he grew tired of you he did not give you either money or love."

"How do you know?" Mrs. Gerson's pale eyes opened widely.

"Oh, it is easy to see, from that dress, from your miserable looks, and to judge it from the fact that, as late as the night of Arthur's terrible death, he allowed you to serve in that Edgware Road shop. And I learned to know my brother's selfish nature well before he died. To gain his own ends, he was prepared to sacrifice me and——"

"And Dr. Darton," put in Lady Cobbin pointedly.

(To be continued.)

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

Conducted by ELLICE BEERE.

THE incongruities practised by many women in the art of dress are usually painfully apparent just after the month of sales, in fact, just at the season of the year when every woman has her best chance of appearing becomingly and suitably dressed if she only made good use of her opportunities. Comparatively few women ever really master the art of dressing well, which, after all, is nothing but a sense of harmony. When one sees a Romney or Gainsborough hat worn with a severe tailor-made costume, or high French-heeled shoes with dainty buckles in company with a plain, unpretentious gown, one is led to wish that every schoolgirl was taught as part of her education a sense of the fitness of things.

The Harmony of Dress.

Again, it is not every woman who knows how to put on her clothes. Some have the knack, some have not. Those who have are always included among the "best-dressed" women at any assembly, and it does not follow by any means that they are as well dowered with this world's goods as many of the others. Often the whole beauty of a really lovely gown is lost to the beholder because it has all the appearance of having been pitchforked on to its wearer.

How to Dress.

The real secret of the well-dressed woman is that she is essentially dainty, and pays strict attention to details. She is scrupulous in her toilet, always has her hair carefully dressed, and her complexion, if neither faultless nor brilliant, is at least good to look upon. Her teeth are white, and her hand shows that it also is looked after and manicured. This sort of woman, too, never hurries over her dressing. If she is a busy woman (and most women of this order are) she will rise half-an-hour earlier, so that she may start the day with that refreshed feeling which comes from a satisfactory morning toilet. Method makes everything easy, and it is just as desirable to arrange one's toilet on that principle as any other daily task. The slovenliness of some girls arises out of an entire absence of methodical habits. Take, for example, the girl who comes downstairs, and after a few minutes exclaims, "Oh dear! I got up so late this morning I had no time to fix clean collar and cuffs to my blouse before I came down," or perhaps the state of her nails reveals the neglect of manicuring precautions. Little refinements are the result of habit and custom, and should be inculcated while children are very young to prove of life-long benefit to themselves and others.

Take Time and Care.

The holiday season brings with it much anxious thought to mothers on the vexed question of luggage and the children's wardrobe. When there are a number of tiny folk, the great thing in holiday-making is to successfully cope with the problem of getting "much in little." One charming yet, withal, useful garment for little maids of seven to ten years is the overall of serge as a frock, or in holland or drill as a pinafore. Made with a square-cut neck, outlined with coarse insertion and wide kimono sleeves and carried out in one of the above washing materials, it makes a very smart pinafore for wearing on the sands in the morning, and also serves to protect the little frock underneath. Another useful garment is a little pair of paddling knickers. These are very simple to make and can be fashioned in cheap serge, and undoubtedly will add much to the small wearers' enjoyment, as they can splash about to their heart's content without constantly being called to order for wetting their clothes. Small macintosh garments, too, consisting of knickers and a bib, called "paddlers," can also be bought for a very small sum.

Hints for the Seaside.

Narrow fillets of tinsel and silver, terminating in a tiny bunch of gold and silver grapes over each of the wearer's ears, are seen in Paris, and look very pretty when worn by young girls. Another simple and pretty idea revived for evening wear is the threading of delicate hued ribbons through the luxuriant tresses of the young débutante. This looks particularly well with the much-puffed coiffure now so popular. Those with very long tresses find this style rather difficult to manage, but it is admirably suited to short, thick hair.

To Adorn the Hair.

A nice cold sweet for summer is made by peeling six good-sized bananas and cutting them lengthwise. Place in a pie-dish alternately with a few sponge finger biscuits, or slices of stale sponge-cake may be used instead. Make a custard of one pint of milk and the yolks of three eggs, or one egg may be used entire, and with care will be found sufficient. Flavour to taste, and pour over the bananas in the dish. Set in a cool oven to brown. This sweet is better made the day before it is required. A ground rice shape made in the same way as a cornflour blancmange is delicious eaten with stewed fruit, and will form a nutritious and appetising dish for the mid day nursery meal

Summer Sweets.

Potato soup is excellent if well-made, and the following is a good recipe. Take six or eight good-sized potatoes and two onions. Add a little butter, pepper, and salt, cover them with water or a little stock, and let them boil to a pulp. Pass through a sieve, gaining the right consistency by the addition of a little milk; of course, cream would be still better. A little celery also imparts a nice flavour. Return to the saucepan and bring slowly to the boil again. Serve with fried sippets of bread.

An Economical Soup

SIR EDWARD CLARKE, K.C. AS A FATHER-IN-LAW

The famous Counsel making a speech after the marriage of his son to Miss Dorothy Mainland, at Chipping Barnet last week.

GLORIOUS GOODWOOD: AMONG THE COACHES.

THE "P.I.P." GARDENER AND POULTRY-FANCIER.

AUG. 10 TO 16.—I do not think I ever remember such a strange season. Some days are hot and summerlike and others positively frigid. As I write the wind is due north-east, and it is bitterly cold. In the morning early it seemed almost wintry, but by noon it was close and stuffy. Certainly, there never was a year more favourable to blight and similar garden pests. My garden plans again this week are mostly taken up with the harvesting and gathering of crops, and coupled with this a general neatness and tidiness seems the great point to bear in mind. Every morning I go round my beds picking off dead blooms; dahlias require continual care, watering after the drying winds, and the superfluous shoots have to be pinched out. To those of you who bud roses I would throw out a timely hint, and buds should be easily obtainable from neighbours who go in for this delightful flower. In the kitchen-garden I find it still necessary to keep the hoe going, for the soil soon becomes baked between the rows of root crops—a distinctly bad occurrence. Runner-beans, when they are just setting, require frequent root watering at dry times. Carnations may still be "layered" (as described a few weeks since), and vegetable-marrows will probably need frequent watering, for they are thirsty subjects.

My Garden Plans

It is said that the happiest men are they who have some hobby quite separate and distinct from their daily avocations, but even a hobby ought, where possible, to be put on a business footing. For instance, it will enhance the interest in gardening to the amateur, and in poultry to the fancier, if he will but keep careful accounts of the outgoings and incomings. A cheap little pocket-book and a conscientious entry of all items, however small, will soon put the system in order, and it is surprising what profit many an amateur venture will show at the end of a given time. Personally, I take a keen delight in my garden and poultry accounts, and I am happy to say I can show a substantial average margin. Such items as one's labour at the local rate of wage ought not to be omitted, and produce as it goes into the house should be booked. With a clear statement of figures, one can separate successful crops from the failures, and a hard-and-fast account is an excellent record from year to year of what crops to grow and what to avoid: its value in the poultry-run goes without saying. And need I add that the man who takes his hobby seriously is usually the successful man?

Gardening and Poultry Accounts.

"Within a few weeks, plums will be obtainable in large quantities, the home crop being immense," says a writer in the *Westminster Gazette*. "Already the value of French plums has declined, and the Kentish fruit sales, which start in a day or two, will undoubtedly justify our expectancy of a plum glut presently. The trees in the English plum-growing districts in Worcester and Cambs are literally loaded with fruit, and the plum crop of mid-Kent is immense. The fruits hang on the spurs in big clumps, and are more plentiful than leaves. Crops ranging from 200 to 500 bushels per acre are expected, and as the result prices will be low. Already large orders for plums have been given by several well-known City fruit-preserving firms, and jam will also be plentiful and cheap. The trees which bear the famous Pershore egg-plums are smothered with fruit, and already thousands of half-bushels of these fruits have been disposed of in the Midland markets, chiefly as low as 1s. a package; that is, at the rate of a halfpenny a pound wholesale, and at the opening of the season, too. Probably 1907 will long be known as the most prolific plum season enjoyed for twenty years."

The Coming Glut of Plums.

A week or so back I wrote of the necessity of ordering early any garden etceteras you may be needing for autumn planting. Roses, in particular, should be ordered now, and the present is an excellent opportunity to provide for their reception. For example, while the soil is dry and easily worked, it might well be prepared by deep digging and manuring, and, to go still further, arches and posts may be constructed now whilst the weather is open and work in the garden comparatively slack. Climbing and rambling roses do specially well on canopies over rustic retreats, arches, stumps of dead trees, and so on; indeed, the amateur with ideas can think of many methods of presenting a suitable climbing surface to his trees. A pathway with two or three arches smothered with an unruly tangle of Dorothy Perkins, Crimson Rambler and such roses is ever a sight for tired eyes, and there is nothing more effective in the small villa garden. Wire arches I abhor, nor are they so acceptable to the roses themselves. It is the truly rustic wood arch that captivates, and this type may easily be constructed (given suitable materials) or purchased at the fall of the season very cheaply from the garden sundriesman.

Arches for Autumn Planting.

ROYAL LANCASHIRE SHOW AT BOLTON.

Lady Ellesmere giving Cup to champion shire stallion Tatton Dray King.

REPLIES IN BRIEF.

ALAN BENGOUGH (Iron Acton, near Bristol).—I do not profess to understand dogs, but, writing from memory, the points of a Welsh cocker spaniel are these: Colour immaterial; ears should lie close to head and be well feathered and very long; skull, capacious and rounded; muzzle, deep; long bodied, low to the ground, and compact; straight front and flat coat. I should not advise you to remove the dew claws.

R. D. ORPIN (Cranbrook).—You do not give me sufficient data to go upon. Describe the habits of the chicks in detail and give me definite information, and I may be able to offer you advice. To merely ask why your birds go wrong without giving any information at all makes it impossible for me to help you.

G. WATSON (West Norwood).—Yes, Roman hyacinths for forcing in pots may be started now. The bulbs will be on sale in the shops in a week or two.

H. KENDRICK.—I should say you have used the fertiliser too freely. Try canary guano; it is excellent for indoor plants, but must only be used in small pinches.

HENRY STEVENS (Monmouth).—Yes, your Rambler will do far better over an arch. This rose is not good for walls. Do not disturb till the autumn.

WALTER SHAWLANDS.—From the sample, your soil is black and sour. It needs sound deep digging and manuring, and probably a light lime dressing in the autumn. The digging is the most important, however, and, light and air, will work wonders. Road scrapings would be a good admixture.

I am always pleased to reply to inquiries, and will do so through the post direct when a stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for the purpose. Inquiries should be addressed to me personally, at the *P.I.P.* Offices, 172, Strand, London, W.C.

A. COURLAND MARSHALL.

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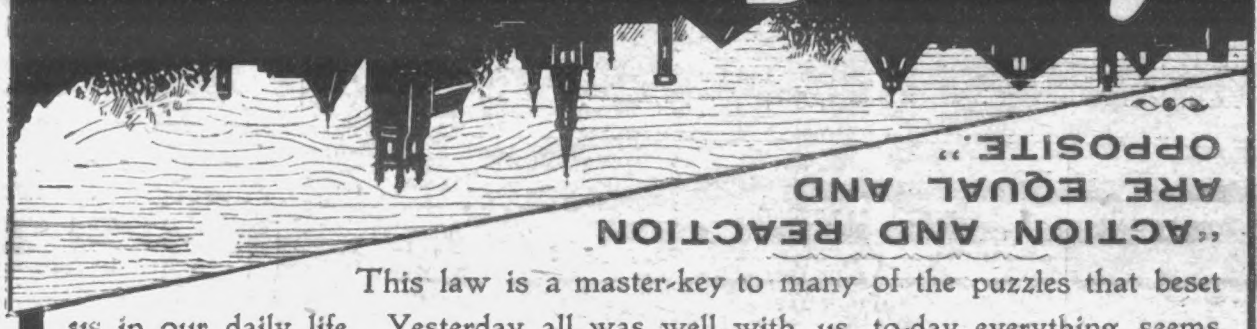

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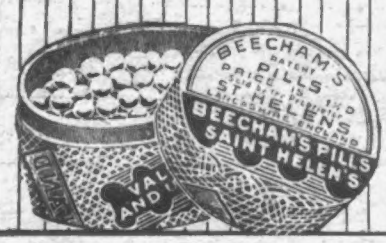

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